

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 492.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

"IF I AM BEATEN, TOGO WILL TELL YOU."—Admiral Rojestvensky to Tsar.



The report of the sinking of the Kniaz Suvaroff, Admiral Rojestvensky's flagship, is confirmed this morning. This picture shows the ill-fated Admiral on the deck of his flagship.

This picture

PERSONAL.

**CRICKLEWOOD**.—Grieving us. Pray write. No word ever spoken. First always. Safe. Send address.

**MISSING**.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies or in the United States, let him address to the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

\* \* \* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They are brought to the notice of the public by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, 10 words, 1s. 6d., and 6d. per line. After—Address. Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

**NOTICE OF REMOVAL**.—THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Limited, of 78-79, Cornhill, E.C.4., will remove to its New Head Office for Great Britain and Ireland, 5, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.3., on MONDAY, June 5.

JOHN B. GILLISON, Manager.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**DELPHI**.—Lessee and Manager, Ohio Stuart. LAST NIGHTS. TO-NIGHT at 8. LAST MAT. SAT. at 2. HAMLET. H. B. Irving, Oscar Asche, Mrs. Tree, Lily Baylton. To-day Gerard.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE**. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.50. BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. Adapted by Sydney Dore. Les. Affairs sont les Affaires. by Octave Mirbeau. NEXT MATINEE SATURDAY, June 3, at 2.30, and every evening WEDNESDAY, at 8.15. THE BALLAD-MONGER.

**IMPERIAL**. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.50.

MR. WALLER, MR. ESMOND, MISS MILLARD. MATINEE SATURDAY, NEXT, June 3, at 2.30, and every following Wednesday and Saturday.

**LYRIC THEATRE**.—Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. MR. MARIN HARVEY REASON. TO-NIGHT, 2.30. TOMORROW and FRIDAY, at 8 (last 3 performances). HAMLET TO-NIGHT at 8. THE ONLY WAY. SATURDAY, at 8.15. MR. MARIN HARVEY will present THE BREED OF THE TREASURES, by John Rutherford. Tel. 3587. Gerard.

**ST. JAMES'S**.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Will appear TO-DAY, at 2.30, and TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. In. Last 12. JOHN CHILL. M.P. Last 12. Adapted from the story of Katherine Temple Thurston. LAST 3 MATS: TO-DAY and SAT. June 3, and WED. June 7, at 2.30.

**COLISEUM**. CHARING-CROSS. PROGRAMME at 12 (NOON) and 6 p.m. QUEENIE LEIGHTON. THE CRUISE OF THE GREAT BRITAIN. BERT GILBERT in Comic World Peaching Scene. EDWARD LEWIS, the famous TWEDDLE-PUNCH from FLORENTINE and NPA. WOOD, in a Phenomenal Scene. ARTHUR REECE, in a military interlude, new illustration THE THICKET'S WOODING. THE JOLLY FOLLIER. Grand Spectacle. PORT ARTHUR. CHARMING NEW VARIETIES.

PROGRAMME at 12 (NOON) and 6 p.m. WALTER PASSMORE, the famous Savoyard, as HAMLET, with BURGER. D'ALMAI as OPHELIA. LAST WEEK of the Prima Donna, Mme. ADELY ESTY as VIOLETTA in the Supper Scene from TRAVIATA. Miss WINIFRED HARRY as TOPSY SINDEN in THE PRINCESS and THE TROUBADOUR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON in the charming scene, Scene. THE GRAND DUKES RACING SPECTACLE. MANY CHARMING VARIETIES.

**THE LYCEUM**. TO-NIGHT, 6.30 and 9. Y. Yukio Tanai, Raymond and Kunkamp, Joe Almasio, Dan Rolpat, Lindi, Dent and Harris, Annie, Hughes and Langford, Musical Jodels, Hiss and Salvage, Pictures. Lyceum Operatic Company, Annie Purcell.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**. TO-DAY. COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. Representative Exhibits from all parts of the World. GREAT SHAMAL ANIMAL CAMP. Displays by Native Warriors at 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30. Water Chutes. Maxine's Flying Machine Rapid. Heltter Shelter. Topsy-Turvy Railway. Electric Canoes. Palais de l'Optique. Fairy Archipelago. Bands. Table d'hôte lunch and dinners in the New Dining Rooms overlooking the Grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**. TO-MORROW. PATRIOTIC CONCERT at 3.30. Under auspices of League of the Empire Artists. Miss Annie Bartie, Miss Margaret Lewys, Mr. Peter Dawson. Seats 5s. 2s. 1s. GREAT FIREWORK DISPLAY at 9.0. OPENING DISPLAY OF THE SEASON.

**ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS**. "HENGELERS." R. OXFORD-CIRCUS. W. Daily at 3 and 8. Over 200 acting and performing animals. Daily 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 5s. Children half-price to all parts.

**NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.** Open 12 noon to 11 p.m. Admission 1s. Season tickets, 10s. 6d. Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping and Fisheries. NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS and all of Naval Events from the 15th to 20th Century. FISHING VILLAGE. Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory." BAND OF THE FISH GUARDS. EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND. Go on board the full-size Cruiser. Real Batteries of 47 Guns. Hotchkiss and Maxim. The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Hands-men. Go on board and visit the Mediterranean port. Trafalgar 1805—Professor Fletcher's Great Work. Death of Nelson. West. Our Navy. Maxine's Captive Flying. Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Bombardier. Vanderkemp's Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Miss de Rohm's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Fishermen. Auto-Photographic. Furniture. Switch-back Chutes. FISH RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

**TOURS TO NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND RUSSIA** from HULL and LONDON. 10 days, 34 guineas; 17 days, 41 guineas. SPECIAL VACATION TOURS TO NORWAY, from HULL every Wednesday to 18th July. 8 days, £6; 12 days, 12 guineas. Apply to THOS. HUNTER, 80NS and CO., Ltd., HULL. THE UNITED SHIPPING CO., Ltd., 100, Fenchurch-street, E.C.4. THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate-circuit, E.C.4. GELLATLY, HANKEY and CO., 91, Pall-mall, S.W.

# EAT LESS GIVEN FREE TREATMENT.

We have such marvellous records of reductions effected in hundreds of cases with Fell's Reducing Tablets, that we have decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments.

**7LB. PER WEEK REDUCTION IS GUARANTEED**, without dieting. Perfectly harmless, pleasant; easy and quick results. Send no money. Simply address the **FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION**, 99, Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W., when a free supply in plain wrapper and postage paid will be immediately forwarded.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

**Domestic.** GENERAL, ditto aged (20); 2 years' reference—8, Esher-rd., New Ferry, Cheshire.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A—Art Work at home; very interesting work; easily acquired by a new process; send addressed envelope for particulars—Art Studio, 6, Great James-st., W.C.

A Representative wanted by an important company; to a suitable person the remuneration will be most liberal—Write M. N., 1815, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.4.

AGENTS and Canvasers (either sex) wanted to push good selling lines; easy sale; simple 1s. 1d. foot free—Dep. F. 33, Aberdour-rd., Hford.

AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should at once join the School of Motoring; prospectus and testimonials by return; enclose 2 stamps test-book 4s. 6d.; 25s. Deans-lane, Manchester; or 16-20, Berry-st., Liverpool.

CLERKS, Cashiers, and Others: It is easy to earn £250 a year as £1 a week—Write for the proposition we have to make you; it will lead to a better and more responsible position; we guarantee opportunities; full particulars will be sent on hearing from you; it costs you nothing to investigate—Write Page-Davis Co., Dept. 109, 195, Oxford-st., London, W.

FREE Sample Pocket Rubber Stamp; your own name and address with particulars of spare time agency—Dept. Z, 89, Aldersgate-st., London.

LADY Canvasers wanted; 40s. to 60s. a week to be made easily; particulars stamped envelope to N. P. A., 14, Quinlan-st., Earlsfield, S.W.

Domestic.

HOUSE-PARLOUR MAID or experienced Housemaid, willing to wait at table; early riser; wages £20 to £23 per week. BRIGHTON—Johnnesham Bearing Establishment, Grand Parade; comfortable; homelike; good table; moderate charges.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

BOURNEMOUTH.—"Sunny Bournemouth." Mablethorpe Bournemouth, Wimbor-st.; close pier; 24s. weekly. BRIGHTON—Johnnesham Bearing Establishment, Grand Parade; comfortable; homelike; good table; moderate charges.

JERSEY (where to stay).—Brompton-villa, Great Union-rd., near sea; from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per day; write for illustrated booklet with particulars. Proprietress.

RAMEGATE.—Respectable, clean, comfortable Apartments; 11s. to 15s. per week; reasonable terms—Mrs. B., 1, Edinburg-villas, Priory-rd., Ramsgate.

MARKETING BY POST.

APPLES, Tamaritan, 16lb. case, 6s.; Apparus, 120 bush, about 4lb., 2s. 6d.; basket assorted Vegetables, 3s.; carriage paid; send for free booklet—Valley Orchard Co., Dept. C., Froeham, Worcestershire.

ASPARAGUS, 2s. large market bundle 100 heads, fresh cut daily; free receipt P.O.; 2 bundles 5s. 9d., 4 bundles 7s.—Breese Grower, Whitehall, Walsch.

CHERRY, delicious Herefordshire; absolute purity guaranteed; pure apple juice; bottles 8s., half-bottles 4s. 6d., per dozen; 2 dozen bottles or 3 dozen half-bottles carriage paid; cash with order; sample large bottle, 12 stamps—Garney and Picket, Fruit Growers, Hereford.

DEVONSHIRE Cider, guaranteed pure; 3 doz. champagne quarts 24s., including package; carriage paid; grown, made, and bottled by Farris-Ellis, Dawlish, Devon.

FISH, fresh and cured, direct from the fishing boats to the consumer; 6lb. 2s., 9lb. 2s. 6d.; 11lb. 3s., 14lb. 3s. 6d., 21lb. 5s. 6d.; 28lb. 7s. 6d.; 35lb. 9s. 6d.; 42lb. 11s. 6d.; 49lb. 13s. 6d.; 56lb. 15s. 6d.; 63lb. 17s. 6d.; 70lb. 19s. 6d.; 77lb. 21s. 6d.; 84lb. 23s. 6d.; 91lb. 25s. 6d.; 98lb. 27s. 6d.; 105lb. 29s. 6d.; 112lb. 31s. 6d.; 119lb. 33s. 6d.; 126lb. 35s. 6d.; 133lb. 37s. 6d.; 140lb. 39s. 6d.; 147lb. 41s. 6d.; 154lb. 43s. 6d.; 161lb. 45s. 6d.; 168lb. 47s. 6d.; 175lb. 49s. 6d.; 182lb. 51s. 6d.; 189lb. 53s. 6d.; 196lb. 55s. 6d.; 203lb. 57s. 6d.; 210lb. 59s. 6d.; 217lb. 61s. 6d.; 224lb. 63s. 6d.; 231lb. 65s. 6d.; 238lb. 67s. 6d.; 245lb. 69s. 6d.; 252lb. 71s. 6d.; 259lb. 73s. 6d.; 266lb. 75s. 6d.; 273lb. 77s. 6d.; 280lb. 79s. 6d.; 287lb. 81s. 6d.; 294lb. 83s. 6d.; 301lb. 85s. 6d.; 308lb. 87s. 6d.; 315lb. 89s. 6d.; 322lb. 91s. 6d.; 329lb. 93s. 6d.; 336lb. 95s. 6d.; 343lb. 97s. 6d.; 350lb. 99s. 6d.; 357lb. 101s. 6d.; 364lb. 103s. 6d.; 371lb. 105s. 6d.; 378lb. 107s. 6d.; 385lb. 109s. 6d.; 392lb. 111s. 6d.; 399lb. 113s. 6d.; 406lb. 115s. 6d.; 413lb. 117s. 6d.; 420lb. 119s. 6d.; 427lb. 121s. 6d.; 434lb. 123s. 6d.; 441lb. 125s. 6d.; 448lb. 127s. 6d.; 455lb. 129s. 6d.; 462lb. 131s. 6d.; 469lb. 133s. 6d.; 476lb. 135s. 6d.; 483lb. 137s. 6d.; 490lb. 139s. 6d.; 497lb. 141s. 6d.; 504lb. 143s. 6d.; 511lb. 145s. 6d.; 518lb. 147s. 6d.; 525lb. 149s. 6d.; 532lb. 151s. 6d.; 539lb. 153s. 6d.; 546lb. 155s. 6d.; 553lb. 157s. 6d.; 560lb. 159s. 6d.; 567lb. 161s. 6d.; 574lb. 163s. 6d.; 581lb. 165s. 6d.; 588lb. 167s. 6d.; 595lb. 169s. 6d.; 602lb. 171s. 6d.; 609lb. 173s. 6d.; 616lb. 175s. 6d.; 623lb. 177s. 6d.; 630lb. 179s. 6d.; 637lb. 181s. 6d.; 644lb. 183s. 6d.; 651lb. 185s. 6d.; 658lb. 187s. 6d.; 665lb. 189s. 6d.; 672lb. 191s. 6d.; 679lb. 193s. 6d.; 686lb. 195s. 6d.; 693lb. 197s. 6d.; 700lb. 199s. 6d.; 707lb. 201s. 6d.; 714lb. 203s. 6d.; 721lb. 205s. 6d.; 728lb. 207s. 6d.; 735lb. 209s. 6d.; 742lb. 211s. 6d.; 749lb. 213s. 6d.; 756lb. 215s. 6d.; 763lb. 217s. 6d.; 770lb. 219s. 6d.; 777lb. 221s. 6d.; 784lb. 223s. 6d.; 791lb. 225s. 6d.; 798lb. 227s. 6d.; 805lb. 229s. 6d.; 812lb. 231s. 6d.; 819lb. 233s. 6d.; 826lb. 235s. 6d.; 833lb. 237s. 6d.; 840lb. 239s. 6d.; 847lb. 241s. 6d.; 854lb. 243s. 6d.; 861lb. 245s. 6d.; 868lb. 247s. 6d.; 875lb. 249s. 6d.; 882lb. 251s. 6d.; 889lb. 253s. 6d.; 896lb. 255s. 6d.; 903lb. 257s. 6d.; 910lb. 259s. 6d.; 917lb. 261s. 6d.; 924lb. 263s. 6d.; 931lb. 265s. 6d.; 938lb. 267s. 6d.; 945lb. 269s. 6d.; 952lb. 271s. 6d.; 959lb. 273s. 6d.; 966lb. 275s. 6d.; 973lb. 277s. 6d.; 980lb. 279s. 6d.; 987lb. 281s. 6d.; 994lb. 283s. 6d.; 1001lb. 285s. 6d.; 1008lb. 287s. 6d.; 1015lb. 289s. 6d.; 1022lb. 291s. 6d.; 1029lb. 293s. 6d.; 1036lb. 295s. 6d.; 1043lb. 297s. 6d.; 1050lb. 299s. 6d.; 1057lb. 301s. 6d.; 1064lb. 303s. 6d.; 1071lb. 305s. 6d.; 1078lb. 307s. 6d.; 1085lb. 309s. 6d.; 1092lb. 311s. 6d.; 1099lb. 313s. 6d.; 1106lb. 315s. 6d.; 1113lb. 317s. 6d.; 1120lb. 319s. 6d.; 1127lb. 321s. 6d.; 1134lb. 323s. 6d.; 1141lb. 325s. 6d.; 1148lb. 327s. 6d.; 1155lb. 329s. 6d.; 1162lb. 331s. 6d.; 1169lb. 333s. 6d.; 1176lb. 335s. 6d.; 1183lb. 337s. 6d.; 1190lb. 339s. 6d.; 1197lb. 341s. 6d.; 1204lb. 343s. 6d.; 1211lb. 345s. 6d.; 1218lb. 347s. 6d.; 1225lb. 349s. 6d.; 1232lb. 351s. 6d.; 1239lb. 353s. 6d.; 1246lb. 355s. 6d.; 1253lb. 357s. 6d.; 1260lb. 359s. 6d.; 1267lb. 361s. 6d.; 1274lb. 363s. 6d.; 1281lb. 365s. 6d.; 1288lb. 367s. 6d.; 1295lb. 369s. 6d.; 1302lb. 371s. 6d.; 1309lb. 373s. 6d.; 1316lb. 375s. 6d.; 1323lb. 377s. 6d.; 1330lb. 379s. 6d.; 1337lb. 381s. 6d.; 1344lb. 383s. 6d.; 1351lb. 385s. 6d.; 1358lb. 387s. 6d.; 1365lb. 389s. 6d.; 1372lb. 391s. 6d.; 1379lb. 393s. 6d.; 1386lb. 395s. 6d.; 1393lb. 397s. 6d.; 1400lb. 399s. 6d.; 1407lb. 401s. 6d.; 1414lb. 403s. 6d.; 1421lb. 405s. 6d.; 1428lb. 407s. 6d.; 1435lb. 409s. 6d.; 1442lb. 411s. 6d.; 1449lb. 413s. 6d.; 1456lb. 415s. 6d.; 1463lb. 417s. 6d.; 1470lb. 419s. 6d.; 1477lb. 421s. 6d.; 1484lb. 423s. 6d.; 1491lb. 425s. 6d.; 1498lb. 427s. 6d.; 1505lb. 429s. 6d.; 1512lb. 431s. 6d.; 1519lb. 433s. 6d.; 1526lb. 435s. 6d.; 1533lb. 437s. 6d.; 1540lb. 439s. 6d.; 1547lb. 441s. 6d.; 1554lb. 443s. 6d.; 1561lb. 445s. 6d.; 1568lb. 447s. 6d.; 1575lb. 449s. 6d.; 1582lb. 451s. 6d.; 1589lb. 453s. 6d.; 1596lb. 455s. 6d.; 1603lb. 457s. 6d.; 1610lb. 459s. 6d.; 1617lb. 461s. 6d.; 1624lb. 463s. 6d.; 1631lb. 465s. 6d.; 1638lb. 467s. 6d.; 1645lb. 469s. 6d.; 1652lb. 471s. 6d.; 1659lb. 473s. 6d.; 1666lb. 475s. 6d.; 1673lb. 477s. 6d.; 1680lb. 479s. 6d.; 1687lb. 481s. 6d.; 1694lb. 483s. 6d.; 1701lb. 485s. 6d.; 1708lb. 487s. 6d.; 1715lb. 489s. 6d.; 1722lb. 491s. 6d.; 1729lb. 493s. 6d.; 1736lb. 495s. 6d.; 1743lb. 497s. 6d.; 1750lb. 499s. 6d.; 1757lb. 501s. 6d.; 1764lb. 503s. 6d.; 1771lb. 505s. 6d.; 1778lb. 507s. 6d.; 1785lb. 509s. 6d.; 1792lb. 511s. 6d.; 1799lb. 513s. 6d.; 1806lb. 515s. 6d.; 1813lb. 517s. 6d.; 1820lb. 519s. 6d.; 1827lb. 521s. 6d.; 1834lb. 523s. 6d.; 1841lb. 525s. 6d.; 1848lb. 527s. 6d.; 1855lb. 529s. 6d.; 1862lb. 531s. 6d.; 1869lb. 533s. 6d.; 1876lb. 535s. 6d.; 1883lb. 537s. 6d.; 1890lb. 539s. 6d.; 1897lb. 541s. 6d.; 1904lb. 543s. 6d.; 1911lb. 545s. 6d.; 1918lb. 547s. 6d.; 1925lb. 549s. 6d.; 1932lb. 551s. 6d.; 1939lb. 553s. 6d.; 1946lb. 555s. 6d.; 1953lb. 557s. 6d.; 1960lb. 559s. 6d.; 1967lb. 561s. 6d.; 1974lb. 563s. 6d.; 1981lb. 565s. 6d.; 1988lb. 567s. 6d.; 1995lb. 569s. 6d.; 2002lb. 571s. 6d.; 2009lb. 573s. 6d.; 2016lb. 575s. 6d.; 2023lb. 577s. 6d.; 2030lb. 579s. 6d.; 2037lb. 581s. 6d.; 2044lb. 583s. 6d.; 2051lb. 585s. 6d.; 2058lb. 587s. 6d.; 2065lb. 589s. 6d.; 2072lb. 591s. 6d.; 2079lb. 593s. 6d.; 2086lb. 595s. 6d.; 2093lb. 597s. 6d.; 2100lb. 599s. 6d.; 2107lb. 601s. 6d.; 2114lb. 603s. 6d.; 2121lb. 605s. 6d.; 2128lb. 607s. 6d.; 2135lb. 609s. 6d.; 2142lb. 611s. 6d.; 2149lb. 613s. 6d.; 2156lb. 615s. 6d.; 2163lb. 617s. 6d.; 2170lb. 619s. 6d.; 2177lb. 621s. 6d.; 2184lb. 623s. 6d.; 2191lb. 625s. 6d.; 2198lb. 627s. 6d.; 2205lb. 629s. 6d.; 2212lb. 631s. 6d.; 2219lb. 633s. 6d.; 2226lb. 635s. 6d.; 2233lb. 637s. 6d.; 2240lb. 639s. 6d.; 2247lb. 641s. 6d.; 2254lb. 643s. 6d.; 2261lb. 645s. 6d.; 2268lb. 647s. 6d.; 2275lb. 649s. 6d.; 2282lb. 651s. 6d.; 2289lb. 653s. 6d.; 2296lb. 655s. 6d.; 2303lb. 657s. 6d.; 2310lb. 659s. 6d.; 2317lb. 661s. 6d.; 2324lb. 663s. 6d.; 2331lb. 665s. 6d.; 2338lb. 667s. 6d.; 2345lb. 669s. 6d.; 2352lb. 671s. 6d.; 2359lb. 673s. 6d.; 2366lb. 675s. 6d.; 2373lb. 677s. 6d.; 2380lb. 679s. 6d.; 2387lb. 681s. 6d.; 2394lb. 683s. 6d.; 2401lb. 685s. 6d.; 2408lb. 687s. 6d.; 2415lb. 689s. 6d.; 2422lb. 691s. 6d.; 2429lb. 693s. 6d.; 2436lb. 695s. 6d.; 2443lb. 697s. 6d.; 2450lb. 699s. 6d.; 2457lb. 701s. 6d.; 2464lb. 703s. 6d.; 2471lb. 705s. 6d.; 2478lb. 707s. 6d.; 2485lb. 709s. 6d.; 2492lb. 711s. 6d.; 2499lb. 713s. 6d.; 2506lb. 715s. 6d.; 2513lb. 717s. 6d.; 2520lb. 719s. 6d.; 2527lb. 721s. 6d.; 2534lb. 723s. 6d.; 2541lb. 725s. 6d.; 2548lb. 727s. 6d.; 2555lb. 729s. 6d.; 2562lb. 731s. 6d.; 2569lb. 733s. 6d.; 2576lb. 735s. 6d.; 2583lb. 737s. 6d.; 2590lb. 739s. 6d.; 2597lb. 741s. 6d.; 2604lb. 743s. 6d.; 2611lb. 745s. 6d.; 2618lb. 747s. 6d.; 2625lb. 749s. 6d.; 2632lb. 751s. 6d.; 2639lb. 753s. 6d.; 2646lb. 755s. 6d.; 2653lb. 757s. 6d.; 2660lb. 759s. 6d.; 2667lb. 761s. 6d.; 2674lb. 763s. 6d.; 2681lb. 765s. 6d.; 2688lb. 767s. 6d.; 2695lb. 769s. 6d.; 2702lb. 771s. 6d.; 2709lb. 773s. 6d.; 2716lb. 775s. 6d.; 2723lb. 777s. 6d.; 2730lb. 779s. 6d.; 2737lb. 781s. 6d.; 2744lb. 783s. 6d.; 2751lb. 785s. 6d.; 2758lb. 787s. 6d.; 2765lb. 789s. 6d.; 2772lb. 791s. 6d.; 2779lb. 793s. 6d.; 2786lb. 795s. 6d.; 2793lb. 797s. 6d.; 2800lb. 799s. 6d.; 2807lb. 801s. 6d.; 2814lb. 803s. 6d.; 2821lb. 805s. 6d.; 2828lb. 807s. 6d.; 2835lb. 809s. 6d.; 2842lb. 811s. 6d.; 2849lb. 813s. 6d.; 2856lb. 815s. 6d.; 2863lb. 817s. 6d.; 2870lb. 819s. 6d.; 2877lb. 821s. 6d.; 2884lb. 823s. 6d.; 2891lb. 825s. 6d.; 2898lb. 827s. 6d.; 2905lb. 829s. 6d.; 2912lb. 831s. 6d.; 2919lb. 833s. 6d.; 2926lb. 835s. 6d.; 2933lb. 837s. 6d.; 2940lb. 839s. 6d.; 2947lb. 841s. 6d.; 2954lb. 843s. 6d.; 2961lb. 845s. 6d.; 2968lb. 847s. 6d.; 2975lb. 849s. 6d.; 2982lb. 851s. 6d.; 2989lb. 853s. 6d.; 2996lb. 855s. 6d.; 3003lb. 857s. 6d.; 3010lb. 859s. 6d.; 3017lb. 861s. 6d.; 3024lb. 863s. 6d.; 3031lb. 865s. 6d.; 3038lb. 867s. 6d.; 3045lb. 869s. 6d.; 3052lb. 871s. 6d.; 3059lb. 873s. 6d.; 3066lb. 875s. 6d.; 3073lb. 877s. 6d.; 3080lb. 879s. 6d.; 3087lb. 881s. 6d.; 3094lb. 883s. 6d.; 3101lb. 885s. 6d.; 3108lb. 887s. 6d.; 3115lb. 889s. 6d.; 3122lb. 891s. 6d.; 3129lb. 893s. 6d.; 3136lb. 895s. 6d.; 3143lb. 897s. 6d.; 3150lb. 899s. 6d.; 3157lb. 901s. 6d.; 3164lb. 903s. 6d.; 3171lb. 905s. 6d.; 3178lb. 907s. 6d.; 3185lb. 909s. 6d.; 3192lb. 911s. 6d.; 3199lb. 913s. 6d.; 3206lb. 915s. 6d.; 3213lb. 917s. 6d.; 3220lb. 919s. 6d.; 3227lb.

## ROJESTVENSKY A PRISONER.

Hapless Admiral in the  
Hands of the Japanese.

### OFFICIAL NEWS.

All Russian Battleships Either  
Sunk or Captured.

### ESCAPED CRUISER

Arrives at Vladivostok with Tale of  
Disaster.

### FUGITIVES ANNIHILATED.

Admiral Rojestvensky is a prisoner in the hands of the Japanese, according to a telegram received from Tokyo by the State Department at Washington.

The earlier reports of yesterday stated that the unfortunate Admiral had died the death of a sailor—that he had gone down with his flagship, the *Kniaz Suvoroff*. This appears to have been incorrect. Instead of the end the Russian Admiral would, no doubt, have desired, he has the humiliation of falling a captive to the victorious Togo. Telegrams given below show how persistent was the report of Rojestvensky's death, of which no doubt was entertained in London.

It appears from the Washington message that all the Russian battleships have been sunk with the exception of the *Orel* and the *Nicholas*, which were reported captured. Besides Admirals Rojestvensky and Nebogatoff, Admiral Folkersahm is a prisoner.

Only one fast cruiser, the *Almaz*, the hospital ship *Orel*, and a torpedo boat have yet reached Vladivostok to tell the tale. The remaining vessels of the Baltic Fleet, some of them sadly battered, have probably fallen a prey to the victors by this time.

Four prizes, including the battleship *Orel*, have arrived at Japanese ports, and 2,223 prisoners of war have been landed.

In St. Petersburg the full extent of the disaster is now known in official circles and in the newspaper offices. The publication of the news is strictly forbidden by the Press censor.

### ROJESTVENSKY CAPTURED.

Official News That All Three Admirals Are  
in Japanese Hands.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.—The State Department has received the following telegram from Tokio of to-day's date:—

It is officially announced that all the Russian battleships have been sunk except the *Orel* and the *Nicholas I*, which have been captured. Admiral Rojestvensky, Admiral Folkersahm, and Admiral Nebogatoff are all prisoners.—Reuter.

### FLAGSHIP SUNK.

How Persistent Reports Were Spread of  
Rojestvensky's Death.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.—According to the "Post," the Navy Department has received an official dispatch from Tokio stating that the battleship *Kniaz Suvoroff*, Admiral Rojestvensky's flagship, went down and that the Admiral was lost.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The Russian cruiser *Almaz* has arrived at Vladivostok.

The Admiralty has no information that any other vessels have escaped.

The captain of the *Almaz* confirmed the report of the sinking of the *Kniaz Suvoroff*, Admiral Rojestvensky's flagship, and of four other vessels of the Baltic Squadron, including the battleship *Borodino*.

The *Almaz* got first of all into communication with Vladivostok by wireless telegraphy. It had been rumoured that the captain of the *Almaz* had

reported to the Tsar that Admiral Rojestvensky had gone on board a torpedo-boat, but this was denied by Captain Ziloti, of the Admiralty, who also declared that nothing was known of the condition of the *Almaz*.—Reuter.

### SAILORS LEAP OVERBOARD.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Petit Journal" says:—

The news which has reached the Admiralty makes it quite clear that a defeat has been sustained. It is stated that 7,000 men have been placed hors de combat. From the reports received, it would appear that the unhappy officers, ill-prepared for their role of sailors, died bravely, but were incapable of defending their ships and their lives. The orders signalled by the flagship were badly executed, and the seamen, unfit for service, threw themselves into the sea, maddened by the accurate fire of the Japanese gunners.—Reuter.

### BRINGING IN THE PRIZES.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, May 30, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

"The four captured vessels were safely brought to our naval ports on May 30, as follows: *Orel* to Maizuru, Imperator *Nicholai I*, General Admiral *Maizuru* and Admiral *Sevastian* to Sasebo."

### MORE FUGITIVES REACH VLADIVOSTOK.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday, 8 p.m.—The hospital ship *Orel* and a torpedo-boat have arrived at Vladivostok.—Reuter.

### TSAR STILL FOR WAR.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Gen. Vassiltchikoff, commander of the Imperial Guards Brigade, returned to St. Petersburg from Tsarskoe Selo yesterday evening. He is quoted as saying that the defeat of Admiral Rojestvensky will not affect the determination of the Emperor to continue the war.—Luffan.

### RUSSIAN PRESS GAGGED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—The Press has been strictly forbidden to publish any statement with regard to the Russian losses in the naval battle.—Exchange.

The true condition of affairs is known in every newspaper office, but both naval critics and leader writers are obliged to affect ignorance of the naval disaster, and to confine themselves to the comparisons of the opposing fleets, descriptions of the Straits of Korea, and fervent expressions of hope of a Russian victory.—Reuter.

### WILL PEACE FOLLOW?

President Roosevelt's Long Conference with  
Japanese Minister.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Minister, had a long conference with the President yesterday, before Mr. Roosevelt started for New York, where he is to dedicate a memorial.

Earlier in the day Mr. Takahira said that the initiative in the matter of peace must come from Russia.

Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, in an interview, said the war would have to go on perhaps for years until the tables were turned.

The general belief is that peace will be the result of the annihilation of the Russian fleet.—Central News.

### QUESTION IN THE HOUSE.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Gibson Bowles inquired whether the Government had any information to communicate with reference to the naval engagement in the Far East, and especially any telegram from our naval attaché with Admiral Togo.

Earl Percy: The Government are not in a position to make any other statement except the general statement made yesterday. It is manifestly impossible for the Government to anticipate statements of the kind which the Japanese Admiralty will themselves make when, in their opinion, the proper time comes.

### FRINDLY INTERVENTION.

Great Powers Working for a Speedy and  
Effective Peace.

The air is full of rumours as to the effect which the victory of the Japanese is likely to have on the continuance of the war. Opinion is slightly divided in the House of Commons (writes the member of Parliament who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby) as to whether the Russians will immediately sue for peace, but I believe that the first step in the direction of peace is not likely to come from the Russians themselves.

At the proper time, and when it is fully ascertained that the Russians will submit to be approached in proper form, one of the Great Powers, acting in conjunction with the other Powers, will proffer its services in the way of bringing about an amicable adjustment with Japan.

## CAREER OF THE CAPTURED ADMIRAL.

Rojestvensky's Stern Way with His  
Semi-Mutinous Crew.

### HIS ENGLISH ROMANCE.

I shall not telegraph again before the battle. If I am beaten Togo will tell you. If I beat him I will announce it to you.

Admiral Rojestvensky, leaving Madagascar to meet the terrible foe awaiting him in Far Eastern waters, sent this fateful message to St. Petersburg. Within six weeks his prophecy has been fulfilled. Togo has announced to the world the annihilation of the Russian fleet.

What he like, this Russian admiral who occupied seven months in taking a fleet half-way round the world only to have it destroyed within a few hours?

He is fifty-six years of age, and is described by those who know him as something of a Russian Kitchener—just, but stern and pitiless and so taciturn that his subordinates nicknamed him "Admiral Moltchaliivi," the Silent Admiral.

### A MARTINET.

He certainly showed himself a stern disciplinarian during the stay his fleet made in the neighbourhood of Madagascar. He probably had need—his half-mutinous, unskilled crews and his careless officers demanded severe handling before they could even think of facing a hostile fleet.

Rojestvensky's methods were certainly drastic. Thinking that too much leave was being given the officers, he ordered that none should leave their ships after sundown. One evening a Sister of Mercy had stayed late on one of the vessels, and three officers gallantly escorted her back to the hospital ship. The Admiral promptly had them sent back to Russia in disgrace.

A mutiny broke out on the *Orel*, but Rojestvensky had quelled it as soon as it broke out, and two of the ringleaders were immediately shot. Meanwhile, officers and men alike were kept at drill until, as one of them said, they nearly dropped with exhaustion.

### QUICKNESS OF TEMPER.

Yet he can hardly be compared to General Kitchener, for he has on more than one occasion given way to violent outbursts of temper. Once, at a grand review at Reval, he rushed from the bridge and belaboured some gunners with his marine glasses, abusing them in altogether unparliamentary language. At another time he struck and severely injured an officer in the Black Sea.

In spite of his harshness, which undoubtedly rendered him far from popular in the navy, Rojestvensky had many very human weaknesses. He loved pets, especially a Yorkshire terrier and a little monkey, which always slept in his cabin on the *Kniaz Suvoroff*, and while at Madagascar he was photographed with the monkey on his knee and the terrier sitting beside him.

Some thirty years ago he was in England as a naval attaché. At that time he was very popular, and it is said he came very near marrying into a famous English family.

But he returned home to marry in Russia, and at present he has a wife and a daughter.

For many years after he left England but little was heard of him outside naval circles. In his youth he had not been very brilliant, neither was he as a young man. But he was one of the chief actors in an affair that caused a great sensation in Russia.

### BLUNTLY TOLD THE TRUTH.

During the Russo-Turkish war Admiral Baronoff, in command of a very weak Russian ship, told how he had triumphed over a Turkish ironclad, and for a time became the hero of Russia. He described in glowing terms the heroism of Lieutenant Rojestvensky. For a time this story was believed; then the Turks showed there was not a word of truth in it, and Baronoff was held up to ridicule. After which the lieutenant threw his commander over and wrote saying that their vessel, the *Vesta*, had "done nothing but run away."

After that Rojestvensky held various commands in the Russian navy. A few years ago he attracted the attention of the Tsar during the visit the Kaiser paid to Reval, Nicholas being so impressed by the officer that he at once made him his A.D.C.

He was shortly afterwards made Chief of Marine Artillery, and then Chief of the Naval General Staff, where he inaugurated many reforms.

The total number of Russian ships engaged in the action of Saturday and Sunday is stated to have been twenty-six.

The receipt of the news in Tokio was followed by a very marked rise in shares, the market being subsequently postponed.

The St. Petersburg Stock Exchange exhibits no signs of depression in view of the persistent rumours that the Government have decided to hasten the calling of the Representative Assembly in order to submit the question of peace.

## THE KING VISITS EPSOM RACES.

Jardy and the Derby—Prospects  
for To-day's Great Race.

### SERENATA'S SUCCESS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

EPSOM, Tuesday Night.—Dull, stifling, and murky, there was every evidence of a storm imminent in the early forenoon. It remained fine as the King drove across from the Downs Station some time before the first race.

His Majesty travelled by special train from Victoria, accompanied by General Sir Stanley Clarke. With the royal party were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Sir Ernest Cassel. The King saw Mr. George Thursby's Aggressor win the Craven Stakes—opening race of the Derby week—and after the adjournment became a keen spectator of the sport, and remained to the close, when the programme concluded with Charcot's victory in the Epsom Handicap.

Spots of rain fell at intervals, and a strange murkiness gradually enveloped the district. The flags hung idly on the posts. At last a storm burst with terrific violence. Lightning and heavy rain played for a brief period, deluging the enclosures and driving all to shelter. It swept the hill, and the crowd there found difficulty in getting adequate shelter.

### THE WOODCOTE STAKES.

Fortunately, the most interesting race, the Woodcote Stakes, was decided before the downpour but the riders were caught on returning to weigh in. This prize of 1,000 sovs. was won in Mr. Lindemere's colours by the speedy Serenata defeating Sir Edgar Vincent's Black Anster and others, among whom the highly-fancied Alcanzor turned out a dismal failure.

Of course, the great topic, more enthralling than anything developed in the current racing, was the prospects of the Derby. The French champion Jardy had been out at exercise in the morning. The critics were pleased by the colt's appearance, as he has much improved since his two-year-old days. But even when cantering he coughed, and it was obvious his condition is a source of great anxiety to owner and trainer.

Denman, trainer of Jardy, was present, and acting conjointly with Mr. Coleman, the veterinary surgeon entrusted with the case, it was determined to run Jardy if there were no further developments.

### M. BLANC'S HEAVY INVESTMENT.

The final word rested with M. Blanc, who was expected at Epsom late at night. This owner is reported to have invested some £20,000 on Jardy for to-morrow's great race, and nothing that human skill can attempt will be wanting in the effort to get the horse to the post.

Critics seriously differ about the propriety of starting a valuable colt while coughing. His chance of winning is very slender, and the risk of doing permanent injury to a racer probably worth some £15,000 is very great. Both his companions, Cains and Versailles, are also coughing, and surely no clearer proof need be sought that the affection is of the epidemic order.

Lord Rosebery was present to-day. He is almost certain to win his third Derby with Cicero. This handsome colt has arrived in perfect fettle for the combat. Mr. De Wend-Pentton, immediately on having the formal veterinary opinion about Wedas, scratched that candidate, whose fore fetlock joint and suspensory ligaments had been severely injured.

There may be some ten competitors, and Cicero's claim to prime distinction is paramount. No betting of any account took place to-day. The market is paralysed because of the Jardy incident. More rain is wanted to freshen the turf. The chalky soil quickly drank in the downpour this afternoon.

It should be added that the treatment of the roads with a patent dust-dresser has proved very effective.

GREY FRIARS.

(Racing returns, selections, and to-day's programme appear on page 14.)

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Serious strike disorders have occurred at Stockholm. The police have several times been compelled to use their arms.

King Alfonso of Spain arrived at Paris at three o'clock yesterday, and was received at the station by President Loubet, amid cheers.

A woman, Fanny Nichols, of East Acton, was struck by lightning yesterday afternoon, and was taken insensible to the West London Hospital.

Germany has ordered military expeditions to various parts of the Cameroons, in consequence of fresh disturbances and the murder of a merchant.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS A SHOWERBATH.

Fierce and Sudden Deluge Takes  
London by Surprise.

### FLOOD INCIDENTS.

The torrid weather of the week-end culminated in London yesterday in a drenching thunderstorm. Though the day had been overcast people were unprepared for the deluge which fell soon after four in the afternoon.

An unprecedented scene was witnessed in the House of Commons. As Mr. McKenna was speaking on the tobacco duty rain suddenly poured down in sheets through the open stained-glass windows upon the Ministerial benches.

The sudden shower-bath upon the heads of the Conservatives—several of the victims are unfortunately bald—caused intense merriment, mixed with momentary alarm, and there was a general stampede to the space below the Bar. Ministerial benches were for a time justifiably deserted.

Mr. McKenna's oratory was, of course, interrupted. Mr. Flavin, who had been sitting on the Ministerial benches below the gangway, where he shared his drenching with Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Ian Malcolm caused much merriment by good-humouredly calling the deputy-Chairman's attention to the fact that he was "being drowned."

#### Westminster Hall Flooded.

Westminster Hall was flooded, and motor-cars and carriages bringing members to and from the House were compelled to plough through several inches of water. Six men with brooms had to work hard for hours to restore Westminster Hall to its natural appearance.

In Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street the gutters ran like rivers. Pedestrians all over the City and West End wildly fled to the nearest shelter, and presently only a few reckless persons, who had moreover thoughtfully provided themselves with umbrellas, were to be seen in streets which a few minutes before had been crowded.

On the Metropolitan Railway the flood caused some serious alarm. In the Bayswater district the lines were flooded, but traffic was not interrupted. After the storm, in place of a temperature of 77deg. in the shade, the thermometer registered but 58deg.

Strange scenes were witnessed at the Flower Show at the Temple Gardens. At the first hint of rain daintily-dressed women crowded into the darkening tents. In a very few minutes the heat and crushing were almost unbearable. So dark was it within at the height of the storm that it was impossible to distinguish the exquisite blooms displayed.

#### Wonderful New Orchids.

Three wonderful new orchids shown by Messrs. Charlesworth, of Bradford, are the clon of the show; one changed hands before the gates were opened at 450 guineas. Malmaison camellias as large as saucers are set off by masses of exquisite roses, and lilies and lilacs have a fragrant corner to themselves. Pots of strawberries looked very tempting in the heat.

Up to yesterday morning the total of sunshine recorded in London for the month was 225 hours. May of 1897 holds the record of the last twenty years with 233, a few hours of sunshine to-day will therefore give 1905 the record for the month.

These are interesting figures concerning rainfall—

	Inches.
Average rainfall during May for thirty-five years	1.69
May, 1903	3.24
May, 1904	2.07
May, 1905 (up to yesterday)	0.28
Driest May—1896	0.16

But for yesterday's storm the month would have been very nearly the driest on record.

### WORLD YACHT TEST.

#### Germany Second to America—England May Be Third.

The yacht Hamburg passed Bishop Light-house, Scilly, this morning at 7.40, sailing in a light wind.

This message, dispatched from the *Daily Mirror* correspondent at Penzance yesterday, was an indication that Germany has won second place in the great cross-Atlantic yacht race for the Kaiser's Cup.

With America as the victors, and Germany with second honours, the only hope of patriotic British yachtsmen is that the Yaballa, owned by the Earl of Crawford, will come in third.

Beyond this, the remaining consolation to the British people is that the Hamburg is British built, being at one time known as the Rainbow.

Notices given to 200 ministers of the United Free Church to quit their manse expired yesterday, and as none of them intends to leave voluntarily it is expected that the Free Church will enforce possession.

## NEW GAITY PIECE.

"The Spring Chicken" Likely to be  
a Popular Success.

The production of a new Gaiety play is always an event of importance.

"The Spring Chicken," the musical comedy which Mr. George Edwardes produced last night as the successor to "The Orchid," is an adaptation from the French by George Grossmith, junior, with additional lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank, and music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. For many reasons it is likely to prove an even greater success than Gaiety pieces usually are.

In the first place, it has quite a connected story, and both the lyrics and the music are far above the average.

The action takes place in Paris of to-day. A suggested divorce, which does "the Miss Kate Cutler" carryings-on" of the wife (Miss Kate Cutler) with her advocate (Mr. George Grossmith, jun.) ; the tracking of them to a restaurant at Malmaison by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Girdle, a remarkably English couple, played by Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Connie Ediss; further flight to an artist's studio make up a bewilderingly rich of action even if it was not further complicated by an Elixir-of-Youth and a sleeping draught which are taken by the wrong people at the wrong time.

The chief honours, next to Mr. Edwards himself for the gorgeousness of the production, went to Miss Connie Ediss, who surpassed herself.

### DIARY OF AN M.P.

Mr. Balfour Better—Patching Up a Peace  
with Mr. Chamberlain.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—Despite many contradictory rumours, Mr. Balfour is progressing as well as could be expected. There is even some reason to hope that he will be able to put in an appearance at the Albert Hall meeting on Friday, but his speech will be shorter than if he had been in perfect health.

It is stated that Mr. Balfour has not yet arrived at an absolute settlement with Mr. Chamberlain, but there is every indication that a peace will be patched up between the two sections of the Unionist Party, at any rate for a time.

The Government narrowly escaped defeat this afternoon on the tobacco duty, but urgent telegrams to absent members and read talk by Government supporters saved the situation.

The Speaker intends to return to town tomorrow, but he will probably not resume his official duties for a few days.

### LIVELY BY-ELECTION.

Chichester Laughs at the Effigy of a  
Chinaman with Two Loaves.

The Chichester election has livened into a brisk fight, not without its amusing incidents.

A large motor-car, driven by Mr. Lord Edmund Talbot's colours, yesterday caused wild laughter in the division. In it was seated a dummy Chinaman with a loaf of bread in each hand. The loaves were exactly of the same size. The reference is to Mr. Allen's declaration that he is for the untaxed loaf and against Chinese labour.

At Stoughton a village audience, after hearing Mr. Allen's address, gave three cheers for Lord Edmund and left the room en masse.

Polling day is next Friday, and the counting of the votes will begin at ten o'clock on Saturday morning.

### MURDERER AS MANSERVANT

Church Army Leader Acts on "Never Too  
Late To Mend" Principle.

The Rev. W. Cardie, "Rector of Billingsgate," as he likes to style himself, and head of the Church Army, is one of the most consistent men alive.

So unbounded is his faith in human nature that he has appointed as his cook a woman who has spent no fewer than twenty-three years in gaol.

Mr. Cardie has informed the *Daily Mirror* that, if he satisfies the Church Army test, a murderer, who has spent sixteen years in prison since he was fifteen, is about to be appointed his man-servant.

### £7 FOR A FARTHING.

A William and Mary copper farthing dated 1692, with a hair as on the tin coins of that reign, realised £7 at Glendinning's rooms yesterday.

It is believed that only three specimens are in existence.

### WORLD WALKER DRESSED IN PAPER.

A Russian named Freeman, who started in 1898 to walk round the world dressed in a paper suit, and without boots and shoes, has arrived in Leeds. He has covered 108,000 miles.

His journey was started in the rain, and the paper suit only lasted twenty-five minutes.

## "A WOMAN OF GOD."

Singular Evidence of a Clairvoyant in  
a Divorce Suit.

The occult was singularly mingled in a case which came before the Divorce Court. It was the petition of Mr. Arthur Frederick Jenkins, a builder's manager, to dissolve the marriage with his wife.

Mrs. Jenkins kept a boarding-house at Margate, and the co-respondent is Mr. Herbert Wild, a lodger and a relation by marriage.

In his evidence Mr. Jenkins stated that once his wife told him she was "tired of him and hated him."

Further cross-examined, Mr. Jenkins said that he had seen a Mrs. Bream, who had told him that he would have a divorce case.

Mr. Jenkins: Yes.

Mrs. Eliza Bream said that she lived at Wandsworth.

Mr. Grazebrook: I am informed that you are a clairvoyant?

Witness: I'm a woman from God, and I can call lots of people to prove it. I never ask for any money.

"I'm a woman from God," she repeated dramatically.

Counsel: Who inspired you to tell this lady that her husband was very jealous?

Mrs. Bream (excitedly): God talks to me, and I can prove it.

Who told you that she was flirting with someone?—I knew. God sent me here to-day to tell the truth. I have not been told by anyone on either side what to say. It is God's gift—and mind what you are saying.

Mr. Priestley: We want to know—now tell us.

Witness (interrupting): It is God's gift, I tell you, and mind what you are saying before these people. I am not afraid of what I say. I am a woman of God. I belong to the Jews.

The hearing was adjourned.

## WIFE'S INFATUATION.

Deserted Her Wealthy Husband and Ran  
Away with a Barber.

The arrest at Montreal, on a charge of bigamy, of a woman travelling as Mrs. Charlesworth, is the sequel to a very curious story.

It is alleged that the woman is really the wife of a wealthy resident of Barnsley, who is considerably her senior.

Some time ago she left him, and at Altrincham made the acquaintance of a barber. It is said that eventually she went through a marriage ceremony with this man.

She appeared to be in possession of plenty of money, and lavished it on the lucky barber, who was congratulated on all sides at making so good a match.

The pair are said to have left England for Canada on the Tunisian, and the husband having heard of their departure, set the law in motion.

When arrested at Montreal the woman had a draft for £6,000 in her possession.

## CABINET MINISTER'S DELIGHT

Mr. Lyttelton's Pleasure in the Society of  
His Constituents.

A House of Lords Committee yesterday passed the Bill promoted by the Great Western Railway Company for power to construct a railway from Aynho, Northamptonshire, to Wotton, Buckinghamshire, which would join up two of their existing lines and form a new and shortened route from London to Birmingham and the Midlands.

Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, was one of the witnesses in favour of the Bill, and said he went up and down the line many times a year to Leamington.

Lord Newton: To address your constituents? "Yes, and to see them and enjoy their society," said Mr. Lyttelton, amid laughter.

"Perhaps so," said the Colonial Secretary modestly.

"The Cabinet Minister nearest to me," complained this noble chairman, "only comes once a year." (Laughter.)

Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C. (counsel for the promoters): You quite obviously leave the court without a stain on your character, Mr. Lyttelton. (Laughter.)

## \* SAVED BY A TERRIER.

Miss Dickens, a girl of seventeen, was murderously attacked at Remptone, near Loughborough, by Daniel Swan, a farm hand, who afterwards committed suicide.

The girl's life was only saved by a terrier called Spunk, which was very fond of Miss Dickens, and when she was attacked seized her assailant by the trousers and held him while she escaped.

The decapitated body of Mrs. F. L. Knapton, widow of a former Norfolk minister, was discovered yesterday on the railway at Norwich.

## NAVAL CAPTAIN PRINCE EDDIE.

The Royal Brig King Edward VII.  
Sails for Virginia Water.

## PRINCES AT TOURNAMENT.

Towed by a masterful little tug, H.M. brig King Edward VII., on which Prince Eddie is to begin his naval studies on Virginia Water, passed up the Thames yesterday from Sheerness Dockyard to Windsor.

With her handsome figure-head, representing his Majesty the King, the gallant craft will, when fully rigged, be the handsomest as well as the smallest brig-o-war afloat. She is a 42ft. Admiralty launch converted.

The most skillful artificers at the royal dockyard have been fitting her out for sea. Her two masts, with their spars and rigging, are a perfect replica, in little, of those in a full-sized brig.

To complete her resemblance to a real warship, she carries an armament of model cannon made of wood, and her hull, which is sheathed with copper below the water-line, is painted dark grey.

### Spick and Span Above and Below.

On deck she is all spick and span and ship-shape, below deck a marvel of neatness. The steps leading down to the dainty little cabin are covered with thick rubber; the cabin is upholstered with red leather.

She carries a full nautical equipment, and her royal commander will ere long be "boxing" the compass and "taking" the sun on the lake of which his ship will be undisputed mistress.

At Windsor she is to be lifted out of the river and conveyed to Virginia Water by road, seven tons of ballast being removed from her hold.

It was particularly desired by Prince Eddie that the brig should be completed before the Eton celebrations on the Fourth of June, and work has proceeded by night and day.

Two Navy instructors will "man" the vessel and give its royal commander his first lessons in seamanship.

Prince Eddie will be eleven on June 23.

### The Queen at Islington.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princes Eddie and Albert, and Princess Victoria of Wales, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, was present at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament yesterday.

A guard of honour of bluejackets of H.M.S. Victoria saluted as the royal party entered their beautifully-decorated box to the strains of the National Anthem.

Her Majesty frequently rose to her feet that she might the better follow the movements of the men. The driving of the R.H.A. elicited her warm approval.

Rolling thunder and flashes of lightning added a grim touch to the military display.

When the handy-men of the Victory gave their smart display, Captain Prince Eddie plainly showed his contentment with the prospect of a "life on the ocean wave."

Princess Victoria amused her Majesty by asking if the "horses were hurt" when they lay down in the musical ride.

Pictures of Prince Eddie's ship appear on page 11.

## THE LONDON SEASON.

Unceasing Round of Entertainments for  
Fashion's Leaders.

It was thought that in consequence of the news of the Russian disaster the dinner party fixed for last night by Count and Countess Benckendorff might have been postponed. But it was not, and a large party assembled at the constantly police-guarded Embassy in Chesham-place. The table was beautifully decorated, and all the ladies were very smartly dressed. Countess Benckendorff and Mrs. Ronald Greville were conspicuous for the splendour of their jewels.

Lord and Lady Brougham had the honour of entertaining the King at dinner last night. Their house also is in Chesham-place, and a small but distinguished party were invited to meet his Majesty.

Mrs. Coats's concert in Park-lane was one of the social events of last night. For some years past she has annually given a great concert at her beautiful house, and all the chief singers of the day have from time to time been heard there.

The concert at Stafford House, in the afternoon, in aid of the Mission to Seamen, was a great success. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughter arrived early.

The Duchess of Devonshire's dinner to the Queen to-night, at Devonshire House, will not be a very large one, but afterwards about 200 guests will come in for dancing, including the King and the members of the Jockey Club from Buckingham Palace.

## OXFORD STREET SHOOTING CASE.

Accused Girl's Statement and Protest from the Dock.

### DRAMATIC SCENES.

There was a piteous exhibition of nerves at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday.

Miss Florence Doughty was charged on remand with having attempted to murder Mr. Charles M. H. Swann, a solicitor, and his son Leonard by shooting them in South Molton-street. She was also charged with attempted suicide.

Tall, dark, and smartly dressed, the prisoner, who is only twenty-seven, took the seat provided for her in the dock without any trace of nervousness. But as the case proceeded her efforts at self-control became more and more obvious. Her fingers tapped on her cheek and then her knee. She wrote a long letter for her solicitor, and then, although he sharply rebuked her, interrupted him again and again.

Finally, at the conclusion of the proceedings, she rose to protest, and, in spite of attempts to check her, said:

"I just want to say I wish to make no defence against shooting Mr. Swann, but the evidence so far has been quite false."

### Family's Opposition.

Mr. Cherry, the solicitor who prosecuted, said that Mr. Charles Swann (the senior), who was still in hospital and unable to give evidence, knew the prisoner through having business relations with her father. She had been acting as companion to a lady, who had gone abroad, and Mr. Charles Swann had advanced her money during the lady's absence.

Arising originally from Mr. Swann's kindness, something more than ordinary business relationship had sprung up between the two.

There had been much opposition to this at Mr. Swann's house, and after a time he had told Miss Doughty not to come to his office.

Finally, after many painful scenes, he had given instructions that she was not to be admitted.

The solicitor then said that Miss Doughty had obtained a licence to carry firearms, and on the day before the shooting—April 27—she had gone to a shooting gallery and taken lessons in revolver-shooting.

Mr. Leonard Swann stepped into the witness-box and told the dramatic story of how he and his father were shot in South Molton-street on April 28. He was still pale from the effects of the bullet, which had struck him in the breast.

### Warned His Father.

"I saw the prisoner as I was going up the office stairs," he said. "I noticed her eyes and that she seemed very excited, and I went out to warn my father."

"I met him at the end of South Molton-street. Miss Doughty, who had followed me, said, 'Has your father said anything to you?' I answered, 'That's my business,' and without another word being said she fired at me twice. I heard three more shots fired—five in all."

Constable Collins said that immediately after the shooting the prisoner put her hand to her mouth. He pulled her hand down, and found it contained an empty phial. On the way to the police station prisoner attempted to swallow the contents of two other phials, each of which contained laudanum, but he prevented her.

The proceedings were then adjourned for a week.

## TOO OLD FOR DIVORCE COURT.

Judge's Advice to Wife of Sixty and Husband of Eighty-five.

To the amazement of the Divorce Court yesterday it was announced that the respondent in a petition for judicial separation was a man of eighty-five, and that the wife who accused him was sixty. They were wedded four years ago.

On seeing the old man totter into court, supported by a friend on either side, the president remarked that it was a pity such elderly folk could not come to an arrangement.

His Lordship's hint was taken, and the case was not tried.

\* \* \* When travelling abroad, the *Continental Edition* of the "Daily Mail" will be found a welcome messenger of the world's happenings, far in advance of any other English daily newspaper.

The *Continental Edition* of the "Daily Mail" is on sale in Paris (for 15d.) ten hours before any other London daily; two days earlier in Southern Russia; a day and a night earlier in Alexandria, Suez, Port Said, Genoa, Palermo, Madrid, Lisbon, Barcelona, Rome, Liege, Malta, Athens, and Constantinople, and ten hours earlier in the Riviera.

Price 2d. in France (except Paris), and 3d. in other countries.

Offices: 3, Place de la Madeleine, Paris.

## DIED FOR HIS CHILDREN.

Father Perishes in the Wreck of His Burning Home.

A disastrous fire which broke out early yesterday at Market Drayton resulted in the death of four people.

Shortly after one o'clock Mr. Charles Land, a fishmonger and fruiterer, in Cheshire-street, was awakened by a sound such as is produced by the cracking of glass.

Finding that smoke was coming from the windows of the adjoining shop, occupied by Mr. Frank Parker, a saddler and harness maker, Mr. Land shouted to Mr. Parker to get his family out of the building.

Within a very short space of time the premises were burnt out. The brigade worked heroically, but four of the occupants succumbed.

When Firemen Ralphs and Owen were able to reach the upper rooms Mr. Parker lay dead at the top of the staircase. He had evidently been trying to save his children. In one of the bedrooms were discovered two of his children—Norman and Stanley, aged three years and three months respectively—and the maid, Maggie Morris, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, a girl of seventeen.

All had been suffocated by smoke and scorched by flames, and could not be restored to life.

Mrs. Parker and the eldest boy, Francis, aged six, managed to escape. Mrs. Parker fell through the flooring to the room below. The lad stumbled down the burning staircase.

Francis is badly scorched about the face, and his recovery is doubtful.

A little boy, Willie Walker, was burnt to death at midnight on Monday in a tenement house in Gee-street, St. Luke's. At the alarm of "Fire" there was a rush for life, but the child was forgotten and was afterwards found dead.

## "TESS'S COUNTRY" DEFACED.

Birthplace of Thomas Hardy Endangered by Great Heath Fire.

Hundreds of acres of heath east of Dorchester have been razed by the great fire which began two days ago. A large area is still smouldering, but the efforts of a body of soldiers from the town have been successful in preventing the flames reaching Yellowham Woods.

The heath is in the very heart of the "Hardy" country. The famous novelist was born in an idyllic thatched cottage on the edge of it, and the fire broke out close to the romantic dairy house where Tess of the Durbervilles is represented to have first met Angel Clare.

A large befarm was in great danger, but fortunately, owing to absence of wind chiefly, this and the few other dwellings scattered about the heath have been preserved. At one time the line of flame was nearly two miles long.

Twenty acres of Monchford Park, Norwich, were similarly devastated yesterday. Here, again, troops helped to conquer the flames.

## IS DEVEREUX MAD?

Curious Development in Proceedings of the Great Trunk Tragedy.

The Grand Jury at the Old Bailey yesterday returned a true bill against Arthur Devereux, the chemist's assistant who is charged with murdering his wife and twin children.

There was an extraordinary development in the case yesterday, when Mr. Hutton, Devereux's counsel, applied for a postponement of the trial until next sessions, stating that the accused had only recently been committed, and a copy of the depositions was only obtained at the end of last week.

It is said that the mental state of Devereux has caused the authorities at Brixton much anxiety during the past few days.

In his cell he is continually talking to himself, and expert opinion has been obtained.

In the opinion of several of the officials at Brixton Devereux is "undoubtedly mad," but until Dr. Palmer, of Baker-street, who it is understood is to be called in, has expressed his opinion judgment is suspended.

## HUSBAND-BEATER.

A man appeared with his eyes blacked at Tottenham yesterday, complaining that he had been beaten by his wife. He had been married for six years and had been continually thrashed for five.

Alderman Huggett: This is a startling reversal of the usual order. A husband-beater!

Applicant: What can I do? I will not hit her back.

Alderman Huggett: She strikes you. You may take a summons.

Nearly £7 was found in the possession of a man named Robert Jones when arrested for begging in Chesham. Out of this money he will have to maintain himself whilst in gaol for the next seven days.

## SHOOTING A HUSBAND.

Wife Treats Her Spouse as a Burglar and Fires on Him.

Fashionably attired and giving her address as 6, North-terrace, Alexandra-square, Kensington, Ann Elizabeth Dennis, forty-one, appeared at the Westminster Police Court yesterday in answer to a charge of wounding her husband, a cattle-dealer, of Binham, Norfolk.

On behalf of the husband, Mr. Philip Conway told a most remarkable story.

Mrs. Dennis, he said, left her husband's country residence last summer and came to London. On Monday her husband came to see what had happened to her, and she shot him through the thigh.

On behalf of the wife it was stated that Mr. Dennis "sneaked" into the house like a burglar, and his wife treated him as a burglar.

The husband said that on Monday last he traced his wife to North-terrace, and effected an entrance to the kitchen.

His wife, from the top of the kitchen stairs, shouted: "Who is there?" When she saw him she told him to "take himself off." On his telling her he wanted to see her, she fired and shot him through the thigh.

He was taken to the police station. In cross-examination he remarked that his wife had more money than he had.

Mr. Dutton (for the wife): You are a poor man and she is a fairly rich woman.

"That's it," replied the husband, and then made certain allegations against his wife.

The prisoner was remanded.

## MR. A. C. MACLAREN,



The Lancashire captain, who made a magnificent 140 in the Test match at Trent Bridge yesterday.

## LOVER'S SLAPPED FACE.

Interlude in a Courtship Which Ended in Breach of Promise.

A fickle lover, named William Sievers, was yesterday cast in damages to the extent of £25 for breach of promise, by a Liverpool jury.

The plaintiff was Miss McCraig, a pretty waitress in a Liverpool café, who had been engaged to Sievers for two years.

Then another girl came upon the scene. After spending Christmas Day with Miss McCraig, Sievers cruelly expressed his intention of going in the evening to visit her rival.

Whereat Miss McCraig slapped his face with much spirit.

Before the New Year Sievers announced his approaching wedding with the other girl, saying she had made him many presents.

## CORONER AND "HOOTERS."

Their Use by Motorists in a Threatening Way Strongly Deprecated.

"There has been a great deal of talk in the papers lately," said Mr. John Troutbeck, the Westminster coroner, at an inquest yesterday, "about the conduct of the drivers of motor-cars."

Mr. Troutbeck held that their conduct must be judged in the same way as that of any other citizen. They could have no special treatment either for or against, but it was quite clear if a hooter was to be used for the purpose of frightening all other traffic out of the way, without any regard to what nervous horses might do, such conduct was to be reprobated.

He had heard it argued that horns and hooters should not be used at all; but if they were, they ought not to be used in a threatening way.

## WOMAN'S TONGUE.

An applicant at Tottenham yesterday said that a woman had accused her of stealing a shilling.

Alderman Huggett: Did you steal it?—No.

Alderman Huggett: Then you have a consciousness of rectitude. Let that support you.

Applicant: But I want these slanders stopped. Alderman Huggett: No magistrate in the world can stop a woman's tongue from wagging.

## ENGLAND IN A SAFE POSITION.

Brilliant Stand by MacLaren and Hayward Retrieves Early Disasters.

## ANOTHER ACCIDENT.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

NOTTINGHAM, Tuesday Night.—The feature of the Australian batting this morning was the brilliant hitting of Cotter. Armstrong was early brilliantly stumped by Lilley. With the exception of Cotter the Australian batting was weak, though the good English bowling must be taken into consideration.

Though it may seem curious that any should dare to criticise such players as Hill and Noble, many of the best judges are of the opinion that had these two, when well-set, and having the bowling rather tired, hit out a little, and taken a few liberties, the Australians would probably have been at least another hundred to the good.

## Trumper Incapacitated.

Trumper was unable to bat owing to the injury to his back. The trouble started while fielding, and a wide one from Gunn, to which he had to step right across to touch, and off which, by the way, he scored a beautiful boundary, completed the damage. Trumper was batting beautifully, and it was terribly hard luck on the Australians to lose him when another quick 30 or 40 might have made them practically safe.

Hayward and MacLaren opened for England, being opposed by Cotter and Laver. Neither batsman took any liberties for a time, though both played excellent cricket. MacLaren knocked off the deficit with a fine drive on the side from Laver, amid much applause. Following this he began to open his shoulders in earnest, and got two more 4's in the same over.

Hayward was slow for a time, but made some fine strokes just before lunch, and with MacLaren establishing even the score mounted to 66 for none at the interval. MacLaren was 40 and Hayward 22.

## Injury to Arnold.

Both sides were by this time playing ten aside, as Arnold, falling in the attempt to field a ball, injured his thumb so severely that he will almost certainly take no further part in the match. Only twice before lunch did there seem to be a likelihood of a wicket being lost. MacLaren survived a confident appeal for leg-before early in his innings, and Hayward gave a very difficult chance to Armstrong in the slips. The fieldsmen just failed to get his left hand to the ball.

On the resumption runs came fast, MacLaren playing fine free cricket, and being particularly severe on Cotter. Both batsmen, however, treated Laver with immense respect. The hundred went up without loss from a grand leg glide by Hayward for 4, all run.

With Armstrong and McLeod bowling, the rate of run-getting lessened appreciably, barely a run being scored for several runs. Armstrong was especially very difficult. Neither batsman dared to take a liberty.

At last Hayward lashed out, and was at once finely caught by Darling, who dashed in from the leg boundary and caught the ball all the way. The score was now 145 for one, or 120 to the good, with eight wickets in hand.

Hayward played a grand game for his side, though he was very slow, and he quite deserved the ovation he received on returning to the pavilion.

## MacLaren's Century.

The next item of great importance was MacLaren's century. He got 100 out of 159.

Just at this time there was some disgraceful barracking by the crowd, Armstrong being the subject of their disapproval. He was bowling wonderfully well for his side, and keeping down runs in the most marvellous manner. The game at one period was stopped for three or four minutes, Armstrong being unable to proceed owing to the noise and personal remarks. Coming on top of the totally unjustifiable hooting of Cotter yesterday, this unwarrantable conduct did much to spoil an otherwise delightful game, which is being played in the most sporting manner by the players themselves.

MacLaren started lashing out after reaching the century, and hit beautifully, and at last created great excitement by getting two 4's in one over off Armstrong.

MacLaren went at 222; in his century he did not make a mistake. He was batting three hours and forty minutes. As he went to the pavilion the crowd rose at him like one man.

At the close of play the score was 318 for five wickets, and England were 293 to the good. If the weather holds up there should be a good sporting finish to-day.

F. B. WILSON.

(For the score of the Test match and other cricket see page 14.)

## ROBERTS AHEAD OF STEVENSON.

**Veteran Champion Takes the Lead  
During Great Thunderstorm.**

### MAGNIFICENT 285 BREAK.

Amid peals of thunder and a tremendous down-pour of rain plainly to be heard within the Caxton Hall, the scene of the great billiard match, John Roberts took the lead yesterday afternoon for the first time.

He wiped off the 2,000 points start he had set himself to concede when Stevenson's score-peg rested on the 11,029 mark.

The elements outside did not create a greater din than did the spectators of the veteran's achievement. Letting themselves go with a vengeance they set up a terrific hubbub—hand-clapping, thumping the floor, and shouting. Roberts bowed his acknowledgments to all corners of the hall. A singular coincidence accompanied his passing to the front, as it so happened that the break—a magnificent 285—is his biggest in the game up to date.

At the outset it seemed as though the younger player was going to have a successful time of it. He started with 108 and quickly followed this up with 51, and a rattling good effort of 185. At this point he was nearly 400 points in front.

From that time forward, however, Stevenson, beyond scoring a 79, was completely outplayed. Roberts incessantly applied double-baulks or safety misses.

### TRAGIC END OF A MAN HUNT

**Kentish Murderer Explodes Crime by His  
Own Hand.**

The man hunt in Kent for the missing actor in the Gravesend mystery has ended tragically. Yesterday James Lino Rowe, the missing man, exploded the crime of last Sunday morning by a dramatic suicide.

It will be remembered that Rowe, failing to establish a reconciliation with his wife, lay in wait for her and her relatives and fired upon them. One shot killed his brother-in-law, James W. M. Pearce. Then Rowe disappeared, and though an organised search was made nothing was seen of him until yesterday.

At four o'clock yesterday morning a workman residing at Higham was on his way to his employment when he encountered a hatless man.

The stranger, who looked haggard and careworn, asked where he could get a cap, and the workman, whose name is Randall, offered him one of his own. The pair went towards Randall's house, and encountered another workman named Filmer. Filmer at once suspected the hatless man, and roundly charged him with being identical with the missing man Rowe.

When pressed, Rowe admitted his identity, and handed over to the workmen a revolver and a number of cartridges. The three men then set out for Gravesend.

Passing a public-house, Rowe asked if he could have some refreshment as he was both hungry and thirsty.

The landlord was aroused, and while he was opening the house to admit the men Rowe was seen to drink something from a bottle.

The two men rushed to his. Shortly afterwards he died in terrible agony.

His last words to the men were: "I never meant to shoot him; it is another Watkins job."

The reference was to a similar crime committed in the district about four years ago by a man named Watkins, who fired at his wife but killed her brother instead.

### "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE"

**Cost of Seaside Trip on the Continent Less  
Than Visit to Brighton.**

This monthly magazine for the home in its June number makes its appeal to all lady readers, and is exceptionally strong in features of feminine interest.

The valuable information given upon the causes and cure of depression will attract the notice of every woman who feels the strain either of the social engagements of the London season or of the daily round of domestic duty; while another article, entitled "Why Girls Leave Home," is certain to arouse widespread comment.

The dress section, in the hands of Mrs. Jack May, has been specially developed, and is fully illustrated with charming drawings by Miss Hoare which give everything that is most up to date in the world of fashion.

"The Monthly Playbox" which is given free with every copy of "The World and His Wife," is now enlarged to sixteen pages, profusely illustrated in colours, and forms the most charming monthly magazine for children that has yet been produced.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

With great presence of mind a little girl, who fell in front of an electric car in a Rochdale street while carrying a baby rolled over several times until clear of the metals, thus escaping injury.

On Friday next the new King's Counsel will be called within the bar at the Law Courts.

Representatives of no fewer than four generations of the Gantt family each laid a stone at Gravesend, near Bradford, in connection with a new Baptist Sunday-school.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman purposes asking the Home Secretary on what day before Whitsuntide the Bill dealing with the Scottish Churches will be introduced in accordance with the undertaking given by the Prime Minister.

A tablet containing the Lord's Prayer in Irish, to be displayed in the Church of the Holy Cross, Jerusalem, is being prepared for the London Gaelic Society. The church stands on the traditional spot where Christ delivered the prayer.

In order to test the efficiency of the arrangements for defending Sheerness and Chatham, a torpedo-boat flotilla made an attempt to enter the Medway undetected, but was unsuccessful.

Mr. Arnold-Forster has consented to receive a deputation from the town councils of Chatham, Gillingham, and Rochester, who desire to urge the War Office to reconsider the proposal to remove the Royal Engineers from Chatham.

Coal-boring operations on the mining properties of the Duke of Beaufort running under the Swansea foreshore are to be renewed as soon as certain machinery for proving the coal arrives. After coal is proved it will be worked by a slant under the sea.

Judge Addison, K.C., described a man of seventy-one, at Southwark County Court yesterday, as "elderly," remarking: "If I had not passed sixty I should call him an old man."

From Woking a reader of the *Daily Mirror* forwards a curiously-formed radish. It has grown in the shape of a well-tied knot.

Two engineers at St. Ives took soundings in the bay yesterday in connection with the projected harbour of refuge on the north coast of Cornwall or Devon.

During May the Clyde shipbuilders launched twenty-four vessels aggregating 47,000 tons. New work of importance is scarce, and fresh contracts total under 20,000 tons.

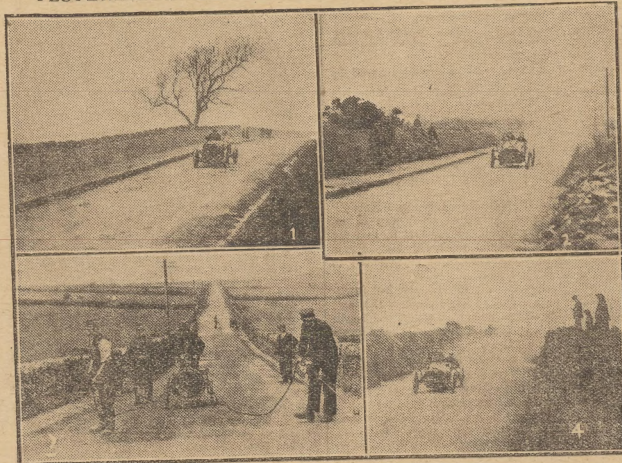
Asked if he had heard the plaintiff's story, a defendant at Southwark County Court yesterday said: "Yes, and its nearly knocked me off my seat where I am standing."

Samples of cotton grown from American seed near the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi, have been inspected by a Liverpool firm, who report that this cotton can be produced in quantity it will be an immense success.

Although only twenty-seven years of age, Lucy Urwin, who was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday for forging cheques, had been in fourteen reformatories, and admitted five previous convictions.

Following the policy of keeping the Navy on a constant war-footing, the Admiralty has decided to gradually abolish the employment of Naval Reserve men at Government establishments ashore. There are 2,000 such workmen at Portsmouth alone.

## YESTERDAY'S GORDON-BENNETT MOTOR TRIALS



The British eliminating trials for the Gordon-Bennett race commenced yesterday in the Isle of Man. Nos. 1, 2, and 4 show three of the competing cars at various parts of the fifty-four mile course. No. 3 shows a patent preparation, "Dustroyd," being sprayed on to the road to prevent the raising of dense clouds of dust.

Whilst cruising off the Gower coast (Bristol Channel), the crew of the Swansea steam pilot cutter Beaufort hooked a fine shark.

Mr. A. Meech, Mayor of Bridport, died yesterday. This is the second year in succession that the town has lost its chief magistrate. Dr. Alder dying in 1904 during his term of office.

Mr. Gibson Bowles intends asking the Secretary to the Admiralty if he can explain why the midshipman of H.M.S. Kent, who fired at and wounded his superior officer, was allowed to withdraw from the service, and was any punishment inflicted upon him?

Mr. Weir, M.P., yesterday elicited the reply in a Parliamentary Paper that the ship Roi des Belges, upon which an arrestment had been placed owing to fishermen's nets having been damaged outside the three-mile limit, slipped out to sea in the early morning and escaped.

Ice-cream, reports the medical officer of health for the City of Westminster, is being manufactured by a foreigner in a bedroom of premises in Berkeley-street, Soho. The offender has been given notice to discontinue the use of the sleeping apartment for the purpose of his trade.

One of the peculiarities of London life was revealed in the Westminster's Coroner's Court yesterday. A carriage inspector, named Morgan, who died from heart failure at a lively stable in Rutland Yard, had not been seen by his wife for two years. Witnesses from the livery yard, where Morgan had worked for six years, did not know where he had lived, and the police failed to trace his address.

Doncaster has decided against the running of Sunday tramcars by 1,536 votes to 564.

There were only five cases down for hearing at Stratford, E., yesterday, and the justices disposed of them in ten minutes.

Several burglaries at Barnsley during the past few days are alleged to have been the work of a woman whom the police have arrested.

Out of 4,474 samples taken in twelve months in Middlesex for inspection under the Food and Drugs Act, 149 were adulterated 3.3 per cent. The cost to the ratepayers, after allowing for £413 received by way of fines, was £4,253. There were 124 convictions.

Deserted by its mother, a child taken to the Islington Workhouse was given the Christian name of the chairman of the house committee at the time and the name of the borough in which it was found as a surname. This fact was stated at an Islington inquest yesterday.

Several children, the youngest of whom was only six years old, placed an obstacle of dangerous proportions on the metals between Darwen and Lower Darwen. They then seated themselves on the embankment and calmly awaited developments, but the driver stopped the train in time.

An Irish priest taking leave of his congregation gave three reasons for going: First, you do not love me, for you have contributed nothing to my support; secondly, you do not love each other, for I have not celebrated a marriage since I arrived; thirdly, the good God does not love you, for He has not taken one of you to Himself—I have not had a single funeral.

## CITY HOPES FOR A SPEEDY PEACE.

**Wild Rumours Cause Selling of  
Russian Bonds.**

### JAPANESE BUOYANT.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—In the ordinary way, one would have to say that the details of the Settlement hampered business, to-day being "Ticket Day" in connection with the Settlement. Happily there is no reason for the time-honoured excuse. If investment business was not exactly brisk, there was a fair slice of it, and the "bears" at first continued to cover. Perhaps the markets, owing to their oversold condition, responded with more vigour than discretion to the Japanese news.

Of course, we may yet have to talk of the war being prolonged, and of Settlement difficulties, and we must recall that the Settlement did not occur late enough to allow the Japanese victory to put up prices sufficiently high to obviate serious differences. This was brought home to the market in the closing hour, when heavy Kaffir liquidation caused a dull close.

Nevertheless, it is distinctly cheering that the Consol market was so good at one time. Helped by a light carry-over rate and prospects of money being cheap, and to no small extent by the possibility for the gilt-edged group in their ex-dividend form presently, all high-class stocks opened good. Consols have been as high as 91 5-16 bid for the account. They closed at 91.

### NOMINAL CONSOL RISE.

This is a nominal rise of 1/2, following upon yesterday's, but, of course, the account price includes the carry-over rate. For cash Consols closed 90 1/2. The success of the Durban loan has reminded the market of the large quantity of capital about, and if the war should come to a speedy end, the terrible drain that it involves on the world's capital supplies would be removed.

Home Rails have naturally gained ground as a result of the improved appearance of investment markets generally. A few weeks of good traffics would put an improved face on these securities. The heavy liquidation of late has reduced the open account to slender proportions. There is no real ground for pessimism anywhere, and several hopeful points could be made. There is even some evidence of improvement in investment business.

There was not much to go for in Americans. The New York Stock Exchange was closed for Decoration Day. Consequently, as London does not like to take liberties with Americans, there was not much business here, though New York sent over some orders. Prices were taken good fractions over the Wall Street equivalent overnight, but last prices were well below the best.

### RUSSIAN RUMOURS.

The foreign bourses maintained their equanimity of yesterday, and, on the whole, seemed inclined at first to advance things a little. However, there was just a little selling of Russian bonds. They were offered at 88 1/2. Various rumours were started, including one of the suicide of the Tsar.

Japanese, of course, were buoyant. The new scrip was at one time as high as 2 1/2 premium. This was rushing things with a vengeance, and they closed 2 1/2 premium, which was still a rise for the day. The "bear" closing in all Japanese bonds generally took prices to their highest points in the morning, but they closed substantially below the best.

The textile group continues to find favour. And as a result of the still higher carry-over rates yesterday, people started the story that there were a good many "bears" to squeeze in Lyons, and the price of Lyons shares was accordingly hoisted at one time to nearly 64.

There was an attempt to rattle off Kaffirs, but owing to the weakness of accounts still open and the necessity of more liquidation, it did not achieve a brilliant success. Prices were best in the morning, and then close was flat. Modderfontein were got up as high as 10 1/2. They closed only 9 1/2.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all letters, outside brokers', and ticket-shop circulars, invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

LINOTYPE (Nemo). Market opinions are divided, and though you might continue to hold, we do not see any advisability to increase your holding. You could do so much better elsewhere.—SEVERAL. INDUS. TRIALS (Reader from First). Calico Printers are a promising speculative lock-up. It is thought they will pay from 2 to 3 per cent. this year. The market thinks Sewing Cottons are not so favourably regarded. As regards Lycium, preferred, you will hear the opinion that there are too many shares. The market thinks the Defted, and it is thought that the financial position has been improved. Perhaps Macawatters are not dear, but many do not like them going into the shop business.—KAFFIRS (Lanista). Both may improve. A dividend is expected in Johnston's. We are not greatly struck with the merits of Kaffirs as a whole.

## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 15, WHITEHALL-PLACE, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 1310 and 4150 Holborn. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London. PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

**CIGAR BANDS** FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES. Every person interested in this hobby should send a blank for my Booklet of Samples, which contains 60 (all different), and select **E. ROE, CIGAR MERCHANT, SLOUGH.**

## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1905.

## A VALIANT FOE.

"If I am beaten, Togo will tell you."—Admiral Rojestvensky to the Tsar.

Of all desperate enterprises the task entrusted to this brave but unhappy officer had in it the maximum of depressing risk, the minimum of hope that it could by any possibility succeed. He knew before he started that he was starting to meet a catastrophe. Picture his feelings at that moment, and on through all the weary weeks of his voyage to Far Eastern waters.

In body he was far from being fully vigorous and sound. He suffered from a disease very hard to cure—stone in the kidneys—which not only causes distressing discomfort and pain, but has also an effect upon the mind. As he got further and further away from Europe, so did his symptoms grow more and more marked. He was unable to diet himself according to his doctor's orders. His nerves became almost unbearably discordant and raw.

Even if he had had a perfect personnel to command, his work would have been very trying to a system so disorganised. Consider how every hour of the day it must have jarred upon such an excellent seaman to command ships manned chiefly by landsmen, who were making the sea's acquaintance for the first time.

No naval officer had ever a higher ideal of discipline, a clearer vision of the way things ought to be done on board ship, than Admiral Rojestvensky. No wonder he ate his heart out in despair of getting his crews within sight even of the perfection he aimed at.

A man of smaller mind, a man with a lesser appreciation of a leader's duty, might have lost heart and sulked in his cabin. Not so Rojestvensky. He had no confidence in those whom he commanded, he had no hope of final success. As men often will do, when hope and confidence are gone, he sought refuge in hard work. He flung himself with a fiery energy into the daily struggle with incompetence and lack of sea-skill.

He determined, too, that nothing short of Togo's death-dealers should prevent him from accomplishing his voyage. He met and conquered obstacles with an obstinacy which must command respect. When he wanted coal, he got it somehow, heedless of the risks run. When shelter was necessary to him, he took it, and let protest after protest fall upon deaf ears. His whole activity was centred upon one aim. Nothing mattered to him, nothing, save carrying out his orders, getting as near to Vladivostok as he could.

And the lasting glory of the man is that he did get very near. He overcame every difficulty by sheer force of will. He took his squadrons stage by stage across the oceans, warily, in constant expectation of a sudden attack, transforming as he went his hand-lubbers into something like seamen. At last he was almost within reach of his goal. His hopes revived. Even yet the situation might be saved. Even yet he might win his Tsar's "Well done."

Alas for brave, impatient Rojestvensky! He reckoned without Togo. One hour the horizon was clear. The next it was full of Japanese funnels. The hour awaited with misgiving through seven long months had come, and with it Rojestvensky's hour—an hour of bitterness that will not bear dwelling on. If, as is reported, he went down with his ship, Death must have come to him as a welcome release from the rage and misery which filled his heart as he saw his feebly-handled ships fall one by one before the young masters of the sea.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all at last.—*Officer Wendell Holmes.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE busiest man in London just at present is the King. He is one of the few people who have the energy and spirit not only to fulfil the most exacting public engagements, but to go to private parties as well. He never disappoints any of his friends to whom he has promised his company, and yet he manages to hold Levées, Courts, concerts, to motor in and out of town for races, and to go to the opera and the theatre as well. Yesterday, after a busy day, he was as kind-hearted and sociable as ever at the dinner which Lord and Lady Brougham gave in his honour.

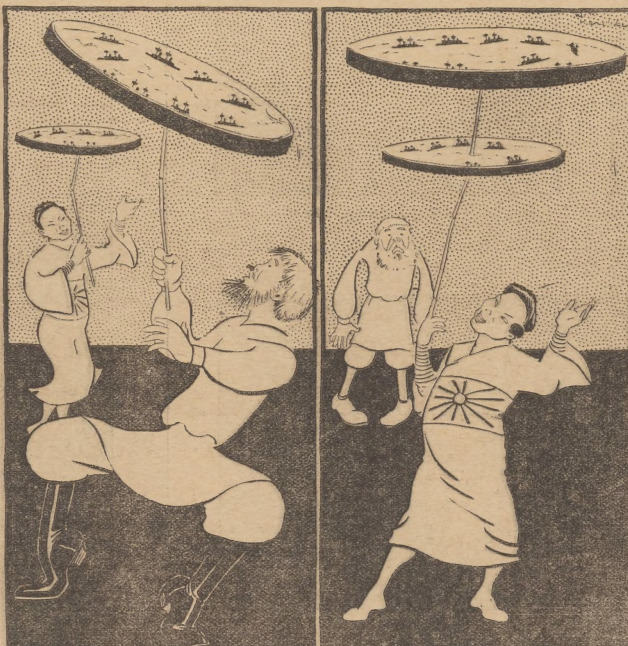
Lady Brougham's pretty house in Chesham-place always looks its best when illuminated for entertainments. Its mistress is something of a faddist about light. She will have little to do with electricity or lamps, but lights the table and the drawing-room with innumerable candles, elaborately shaded, generally in red, which is her favourite colour, and these show off the valuable

enclosed so long in the circle of Spanish etiquette. Kings of Spain do not indeed have to live in public as they once did, but they still have to follow the rather rigid rules of the Court. A Spanish king years ago shocked his entourage horribly by getting out of bed one morning without the assistance of his bed-chamberlain-in-chief.

Royalties, diplomatists, and Ministers will not have to rub up their knowledge of Spanish for the young King's visit to London. He is an accomplished linguist, and speaks English, as well as German and French, fluently. The Earl of Denbigh, however, who is to act as his attendant in London, knows Spanish, I understand, very well. King Edward showed his remarkable tact once more when he chose Lord Denbigh to go about with the young King, for he is a Roman Catholic peer, and one of the few members of the Upper House who have family connections with Spain.

Colonel Frank Rhodes, who is about to restore the parish church of Dalham, Suffolk, in memory of his famous brother, the late Cecil Rhodes, is a

## THE RIVAL JUGGLERS—RIVALS NO MORE.



Russia has now no longer any fleet to juggle with. Japan has done the trick so completely that she has juggled her rival off the sea altogether.

fans, painted by Boucher and Lancret, with which the drawing-room walls are covered. Lady Brougham, whom her friends call Zoe, has brought the art of giving dinners to perfection.

The Duchess of Devonshire has a talent for giving balls and dinners which may well be described as sensational. Her famous fancy dress ball at Devonshire House has already become a part of history, and everybody of importance in society will crowd to her Derby Day ball to-night. In the winter, too, at Chatsworth, her entertainments are arranged on a gorgeous scale. One of the reasons which make her so popular as a hostess is her refusal to herd her guests in cliques and to notice distinctions of rank. At her big dinner-parties or at her suppers the guests sit at small tables, and the difficulty of precedence is evaded by that plan.

Nevertheless, in spite of her geniality as a hostess, the Duchess can be, if she likes, "very nasty," as the phrase goes, to those who force themselves upon her attention or who try to get asked to her receptions if they do not happen to be wanted. Her manner with the importunate is a particularly freeing one, and she is wonderfully clever at alienating bores. It is strange, by the way, to think that this clever woman, who may almost be said to lead English society, is by birth a German, the daughter of a Hanoverian count.

The young King of Spain is at a romantic and enviable point in his career. He is nineteen; he has just thrown off his long obedience to tutors and solicitous relatives; and he has set forth, for the first time, on his travels outside Spain. Think what the first voyage means to one who has been

good deal like the "Colossus" of South Africa in appearance. He has had many adventures, and was one of the people tried and sentenced to death, along with Lionel Phillips, George Farrer, and Hays Hammond, by Judge Gregorowski in South Africa. He was let off with a fine of £25,000 and perpetual banishment from the Transvaal, but the banishment part of the sentence has no meaning since the Boer war.

Colonel Rhodes went through the Matabele war of 1896 also, and suffered no harm in it. He was wounded later on, however, in one of Kitchener's campaigns in the Sudan. Several times, besides fighting with the others, Colonel Rhodes has taken upon himself the duties of a newspaper correspondent. He represented the "Times" in South Africa and in the Sudan, and when a fellow-newspaper correspondent was wounded, Colonel Rhodes most chivalrously wrote his dispatches for him, and had thus to do the work of two journalists and one soldier combined!

Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., who presided at the annual meeting of the National Photographic Association, yesterday, is probably the most ardent amateur photographer in England. He has photographed all the wonders of the world, from London to Japan, and, above all, the House of Commons. He really occupies the position, none the less admitted because unofficial, of chief photographer to Parliament. He is an enthusiastic politician, too, and votes with his Party as unflinchingly as any chief could desire. Generally when the division bell goes he has to be unseated, however, from strange subterranean retreats—from the cellars of the House where he is occupied in developing his pictures.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## WHICH IS THE EXTRAVAGANT SEX?

Another Judge has been commenting on the "extravagance of women," and saying how often it ruins men. What nonsense it all is!

Women are nothing like so spendthrift as men. They may now and again give two pounds for a hat or twenty guineas for a dress, but they are careful in small things.

A man goes about dribbling out little sums all day long, never denying himself anything. He is far more extravagant than a woman, and does not get half as much pleasure out of it.

Sunninghill, Ascot. FLORENCE FARDALE.

## MEN SLAVES TO FASHION.

Call women slaves to fashion? They cannot compete with the "City man."

Torturing silk topknots, high stiff collar, heavy coat (black, of course), all these must be worn in stuffy trains, in hot omnibuses, rushing about the stifling City on business, hunching in often crowded cafés. And yet they are expected to keep their brains "cool" and make no blunders in their work.

Thousands of these poor slaves to custom would bless anyone of sufficient courage and influence to emancipate them. They themselves are powerless to do so much as take off their coats when they are all but suffocated. F. E. M.

## "THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL."

In your issue of to-day (Monday), on page 7, you have quoted St. Paul incorrectly.

You say that St. Paul said that "money is the root of all evil." What the Apostle did say was that the Love of money is the root of all evil. Love of it is the root spoken of, not the money (see I. Timothy, chap. ii., verse 17).

There is a very real difference. Money, used as the Master would have used it, would be productive of infinite good, not evil. H. D. KEMP.

## ARE THEY ALL MERE FADS?

The faddist threatens to become a veritable plague in the land.

First we have the teetotal faddist who terms our glass of ale or wine poison.

Next comes the anti-vaccination faddist who in spite of Jenner's splendid discovery wishes to drag us to a magistrate with a conscientious objection to what he is poisoning our children.

Having escaped from him we meet the passive-resister faddist on his way to prison, and he wishes us to join him in evading the law of the land.

We need refreshment after this, but fear to eat a chop or we will have taken uric acid, which our vegetarian faddist knows to be poison.

Last seen of all is the cremation faddist, who won't allow us to be buried like our forefathers. We must be burnt to avoid poisoning the land! Brighton. S. G. WATSON, M.R.C.S.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Rosebery.

AS the owner of Cicero, the favourite for to-day's great race, he is almost the most important person in the kingdom in the eyes of the general public.

As a racer, and as a country squire, Lord Rosebery seems happier than in any other capacity.

In the early spring and summer months he establishes himself at Epsom, and is miserable if anything prevents him from going there. When he was tied to London by his duties as Prime Minister he once wrote to a friend: "This heavenly summer-time is a hell to a Londoner whose heart, like mine, is elsewhere." Remember that when Lord Rosebery only dabbles with politics. One reason may be found in the words of that letter. Politics mean London, and London means ennui.

Like the Duke of Devonshire, whose idyllic life of sport I contrasted the other day with his former life of political boredom, Lord Rosebery seems to be more interested in his horses than in politics.

One remembers the three ambitions which he is said to have formed on the very threshold of life. "I want to be Prime Minister," he is supposed to have remarked, "to marry an heiress, and to win the Derby." He has won all three of those prizes, and to-day he is trying to win the last of them for the third time.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 30.—The time has come to plant out dahlias. Roots can now be obtained from any florist. Dahlias should be planted in rich soil, being allowed plenty of room. As growth proceeds, tie the main stem to a strong stake and other branches to small canes. Nip off shoots produced near the base of each plant.

Earwigs are liable to ruin the flower-buds, &c. can easily be trapped in flower-pots, filled with dry moss, placed at the top of the stakes.

"Cactus," "pompon," "single," "show" dahlias are all worth cultivating, but the first-named is, perhaps, the most beautiful variety, and can be obtained in the most delicate shades of colour. E. F. T.

No. 3 of "COUNTRY SIDE."—For all lovers of nature and outdoor life. Charmingly written, profusely illustrated, and absolutely up-to-date, it is a regular means of communication and interchange of notes and ideas between naturalists, observers, and collectors, in every part of the globe.—Id. at all newsgirls to-day.

# NEWS IN VIEWS

ILL-FATED RUSSIAN ADMIRAL AND HIS ONLY CHILD.



We reproduce here the latest portrait taken of the unfortunate Admiral Rojestvensky. The other portrait is that of his only child, Mme. Ivanoff.

TO COUNTERACT GERMAN INTRIGUE.



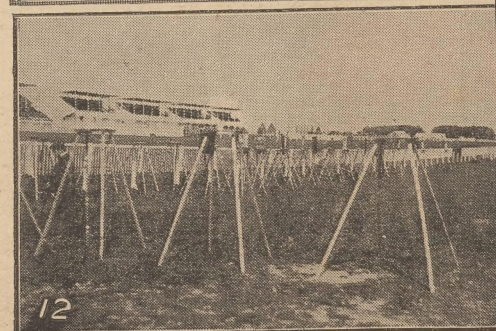
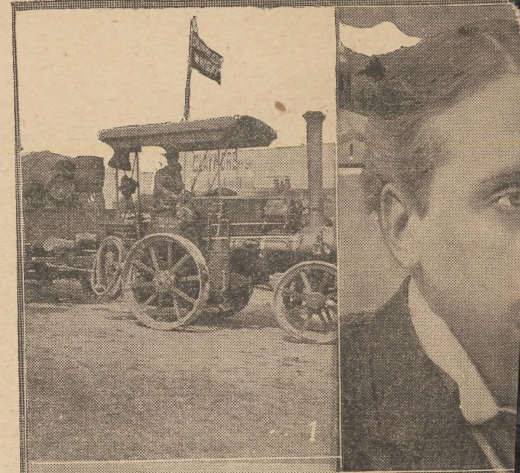
The British Mission snapshotted on its way from Tangier to Fez, to support the French Minister's demand for the adoption of a scheme of reforms. It was yesterday announced that the Moorish Council of Notables, relying on the support of Germany, had refused to accept the French scheme.

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN THE CITY.



Beating the bounds of the parish of St. Botolph, Aldersgate. The clergy, attended by the wardens, go the rounds of the parish, and boys with willow wands beat the boundary marks in approved fashion, loudly cheering as they do so. The ceremony is repeated about once every five years.

TO-DAY IS DERBY DAY—INTERESTING



1. Bringing on to the course supplies of beer for the thirsty crowd and (4) his trainer, Mr. Percy Peck. 5. The course at Tattenham. 8. D. Maher to steer Cicero. 9. M. Blanc's Jardy, the French and spectators to stand upon. 12. Bookmaker

# TING PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EPSOM



at Epsom to-day. 2. Lord Rosebery, owner of the favourite, Cicero. 3. Cicero  
 3. K. Cannon, who will ride Signorino. 7. O. Madden, who is to ride Llangibby.  
 10. Gipsies camped on the Downs. 11. Knocking up boxes for bookmakers  
 pegged out on the course. 13. Building refreshment booths.



## WEST-END SHOOTING CASE.



Miss Florence Doughty, who fired several shots from a revolver at Mr. Charles Swan and his son, Mr. Leonard Swan, in Molton-street, Oxford-street, recently, and is in custody on a charge of attempted murder, was again remanded at Marlborough-street yesterday. Our photograph was taken as she was leaving the court, accompanied by a detective.

## PROCLAIMING NEW MANX MOTOR ACT.



The new act for the regulation of motor traffic in the Isle of Man has just been proclaimed from the top of Tynwald Hill. No act becomes law in the island without this ceremony. The photographs show the Governor, attended by his officers, on the way to the hill, and the scene on the spot itself.

# FORTUNES IN DERBY SWEEPSTAKES.

Englishmen, the World Over, Drawing Lots for the Winner in To-day's Great Race.

The widespread excitement over the Derby shows itself chiefly in the numerous sweepstakes by which the great event is celebrated all over the world. And the practice is an old one. At any rate, for the last twenty years there has hardly been a town in the United Kingdom in which a Derby sweepstake has not been held.

In some of the larger towns of Great Britain something like forty to two hundred or more are drawn every year. Their value varies with the status of their subscribers from subscriptions of sixpence to a couple of sovereigns, the prizes also varying from as low as £1 to £50 and £500. Most of the London clubs have their sweeps, and few colleges at either Varsity used to be without several. A few years ago twenty-five gentlemen of the West of Scotland put down £100 each, of which £1,500 was allotted to the man who drew the winning horse, £700 and £300 for the second and third, the winner engaging to invite the other subscribers to a champagne dinner.

With regard to London itself a police-inspector stated recently that more than ten thousand Derby sweeps were organised every year in the metropolis, many of them having first prizes of as much as £200.

## FORTUNES MADE BY RACING.

But it is when we come to the Indian and Colonial lotteries that we reach the big things. Except that for the Melbourne Cup, the Calcutta Derby Sweep is the largest, the first prize in 1877 having reached as much as £15,000. In Bend Or's year, 1880, the value of the ticket for the first horse amounted to £11,153, and the total amount subscribed to the sweepstake was very nearly £23,000.

Bend Or, who was both winner and favourite, was drawn by a European clerk in the Public Works Department at Simla. He sold his ticket to an officer for £1,500, and a further £4,000 if the horse came in first. One horse, Apollo, which was not among the first three, was drawn by a too clerk in a solicitor's office in Bombay, who sold it for £200, and £3,000 if it came in first, and Valentino, another, fell to a little Parsee boy of Bombay, who sold it to a Captain Beaver for £400, and £2,000 if it won.

As often as not the winner has been drawn by the purchaser of a single ticket of the value of ten rupees, while the investors of several thousands have failed to draw a single horse. One year a poor man without even the price of a single ticket asked a friend, an engine driver, to lend him ten rupees and buy him a ticket when his train reached Calcutta, giving him the necessary non de plume in which to invest it. Later he was notified as having drawn a horse. It was not the favourite, but his wife persuaded him to refuse all offers to buy it. He stuck to it, and it won. His friend, or rather, one should say, the man who had lent the money, tried to sue him for the amount of the prize on the pretext that it was his ten rupees which had purchased the ticket. He lost his case, however,

# LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILL: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

## CHAPTER XXIX. (continued.)

Since early morning the famous road and famous hill leading to the stands and enclosures of the race-course had echoed with the rattle of horses' hoofs, the merry ring of the coach horns, the hoot and whine of motor-cars.

And over all hung a cloud of dry, white dust, and alongside the vehicles of all sorts, shops, and sires and ages ran touts, beggars, and gipsies. Women with raven hair and big, wicked eyes; men with heavy brows and strong, square chins and glistening teeth; children brown and dirty, but beautiful; children with hair kissed by the sun, with hair touched by the hands of night; children with round, bare limbs and the faces of angels peering through dirt and grime. Women and children with faces of angels—and voices of devils!

Since daybreak, even before the sun peeped over the hill, the great human river began to flow towards the famous Downs. Like a stream it gathered, singing gleefully, moving swiftly; but it soon grew to a great swollen river, roaring lustily as it overflowed its banks.

and the impecunious winner was able to start a successful business in England.

But only too often the sudden acquisition of large sums of money by comparatively impecunious people has been attended by the worst results. And in this respect the enormous sweeps of India, and particularly Australia, have a very dark side to them. The sweeps on the Derby are quite eclipsed by that over the Melbourne Cup. It is by far the largest in the world, amounting to something like £100,000, with blocks of houses, hotels, etc., involved in the prize. There have been some very disastrous ends to winners of this gigantic sweep.

On one occasion the first prize was won by a policeman. From the moment he heard of his great fortune he flew to drink, and was never sober afterwards until laid in his coffin. Another year it was won by a servant girl. The same evening she received several hundreds of telegrams offering her marriage. Her subsequent career of miserable folly ended in marriage with a scoundrel, who it is believed murdered her for her wealth.

## DERBY STORIES.

### Worthless Horses That Have Run for the Blue Riband of the Turf.

Yesterday's showers will lay some of the dust which one always associates with Derby Day. But the most uncomfortable state of things is when a heavy shower comes on after everyone is thickly covered with dust. This happened a few years ago. Directly the first spots of rain began to fall everyone got out handkerchiefs and, until the shower came on, busily flicked off as much dust as possible before it was too late to do so. The great crowd looked as though it were waving some sad farewell.

Even after his death a Derby winner is by no means valueless. The skeleton of the famous Eclipse, sire of a long line of Derby winners, was sold for 100 guineas, and is now in the Veterinary College, while William IV. presented one of the great horse's hoofs mounted in gold to the Jockey Club. The head of Hermit, who won the snowstorm Derby of 1867, is in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and will soon be kept company by that of Donovan, the winner in 1899, who died early this year.

## THE DECAY OF BETTING.

The betting which takes place on horse races to-day is very slight compared with that of years gone by. Gladstone, the only French horse to win the Derby, was heavily backed by his compatriots forty years ago, and they won £100,000 from four bookmakers alone.

Certainly many worthless horses have run in the Derby, but the most notorious of them all was Cockney Boy, who was trained on the salubrious spot, Hackney Marshes. He belonged to a small publican, and the whole matter created endless amusement. Later the undaunted owner ran another candidate, Lady Miller, whose chances were as laughable as those of Cockney Boy. The day after the race he wrote in all sober earnest the following letter to the newspapers:—"Respecting the Derby run on Wednesday, I dare say you will wonder at the poor figure Lady Miller made, but I find it is the fault of my trainer, who within an hour of morning gave Lady Miller two pails of water and a feed of white peas. If that is not enough to stop a good horse from winning, I don't know what is."

# WORLD'S CRY FOR PEACE.

From Every Land Go Up Hopes That the War Will Now Be Stopped.

Russia must accept the inevitable. She must make peace.—"Lokalanzeiger" (German).

Will they at last understand in St. Petersburg that the time has come to make peace?—"Aurore" (French).

To continue the war is a manifest madness. We trust to hear the word Peace spoken by the Tsar before many days are over.—"Daily Graphic."

Nothing could justify the Tsar in continuing the hopeless struggle. He must now seek peace, and put an end to slaughter.—"Tribuna" (Italian).

There is nothing left for a rational Russian Government but to make peace as soon as possible on such terms as Japan may be willing to accept.—"Morning Post."

## PEACE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Russia's only course is to make a double peace, granting to Japan the fruits of victory and to her own people the just reforms they demand.—"Etoile Belge."

To continue the war in face of this crowning and irreparable disaster will not even deserve the name of dogged obstinacy. It will be criminal folly.—"Daily Telegraph."

The war has lasted long enough. It is time for the Russians—for their country and for the world—that they should come to their senses.—"Petite République" (French).

How could I make peace, the Russian Emperor may well have said to himself, while I have still a great fleet to sea, superior in numbers to the enemy? That state of things has ceased to exist.—"Daily Chronicle."

After the latest of the most overwhelming disasters which have befallen Russia in uninterrupted succession on sea and land since the war began, the time has manifestly arrived for peace.—New York "Sun."

## WHAT IS THE PRICE OF PEACE?

It is Russia's duty no longer to nurse illusions. If she will listen at last to the dictates of reason, we hope and believe that she will not pay too dearly for her prudence.—"Republique Francaise" (French).

The Tsar has no excuse now for continuing the struggle. To doom thousands more of his subjects to profitless slaughter would be a crime that would brand him with indelible infamy.—"Daily News."

French public opinion has now but one hope—namely, to see the long trial of their Russian allies, in which France is both morally and materially interested, brought to a close.—"Temps" (French).

"Your Majesty must make peace," said Gortschakoff to Alexander II. when the Allies proved too strong for him in the Crimea. Where is the Gortschakoff of to-day who will tell his master the same hard truth?—"Pall Mall Gazette."

like the voice of a dying man. "God help you, dearest—I—I—"

"What is it—what has happened?" On the edge of the crowd stands a man watching, an old man with a rugged, weather-beaten face and but one sound eye, staring eagerly, doubtfully, at Dolores and Merrick.

"What is it—what has happened?" "I—I can't do it," Merrick gasps. "When Sir Tatton spoke to me just now—took my hand—then Marvis and Lyndal—I saw their eyes, I read their very souls, and—oh, God, I can't do it, darling, King Daffodil must win!"

Dolores swung as if she was going to fall, then recovered herself, and a little soft pail of laughter joined in the great, wild chorus.

"I knew it would be so. I'm glad—" she stammered. "Yes—glad—my King can do no wrong. God bless you. Ride to win." She held out her hand.

"Good luck."

The crowd surged around them, bore them along, unseen, unnoticed.

"Dolores—we'll cheat him yet—Vogel. His motor-car—d'you know it?"

"Yes—yes."

"Find the chauffeur now, don't wait for the race; tell him to take you to Burham Junction—no one will suspect—I'll meet you there directly after the race—in Townley's car. There's a train at four o'clock to London. We'll run for it—we'll cheat them, Dolores. Will you risk it; will you give up the world for—love—for me?"

"The world? You are my world—Burham Junction—four o'clock," she whispered quickly. "I can arrange with the chauffeur, he's a Frenchman; if he's not to be found I'll bribe one to take me."

"She tried to take his hand, but he drew back."

"Take care—we're watched!"

In another instant the crowd swallowed him up and was alone again. But not for long. She was soon found by some of Vogel's party and hauled back to the box to witness the parade before the race. She could not escape, but she

(Continued on page 11.)

# BRAIN EXHAUSTION

Its Cause, Treatment, and Cure, Showing How Brain Restoration Is Gained by the Use of Bishop's Tonules.

There are many sufferers in this direction in these days of strain, stress, hurry, and effort. The brain becomes tired, worn out, weakened, and as a consequence mental effort of almost any kind becomes practically impossible. Teachers, composers, journalists, preachers, students, business men, and innumerable others all have at times actual personal experience of this painful condition.

Work has to be done, a cessation of activity is practically impossible, and naturally there is a tendency to take any tonic or stimulant that promises to give relief and power to do a little more work. As a result a general tonic of some kind is used, but does little or nothing to rebuild the exhausted nerves or brain, and if stimulants are taken they are positively injurious and lead to nervous breakdown or collapse.

## THE TRUE CAUSE OF BRAIN EXHAUSTION

What is really wrong in nervous and brain exhaustion is that the delicate nerve and brain tissue is worn down, and something is urgently needed that will replace the worn-away tissue with new matter and foster its growth.

Is there such a remedy as we have here indicated? Is there anything that will replace the worn tissue and promote its growth? Is there anything that will take away those feelings of utter weariness, terrible exhaustion, fatigue, and want of energy and power? The answer to these questions is found below.

## BISHOP'S TONULES

are a combination of nerve-repairing elements, and their very composition enables them to provide nutrition for nerve and brain. The great value of Bishop's Tonules is that they nourish the nerves and completely rebuild them.

Bishop's Tonules supply the tissues with a vital element in an easily assimilable form, and as this element is a most important constituent of those cells which make up the brain and nerve substance, their value in nourishing brain and nerve will be readily understood.

Amongst the troubles for which Bishop's Tonules are recommended may be mentioned Lassitude, Mental Depression, Fatigue, Inability to Concentrate the Attention, Impaired Mental and Nervous Vitality, General Debility, Nervous Exhaustion, Weakness following Influenza and Wasting Diseases, Neurasthenia manifesting itself by Headache, Vertigo, Insomnia, Muscular Fatigue, Lack of Will Power or Energy, Inability for Sustained Mental Effort, Hysteria, Morbidity, and other conditions resulting from impoverishment of the Nervous system.

## TAKE BISHOP'S TONULES

It is not pretended that immediately the first Tonule is taken nerve restoration follows, as such a claim would be obviously false and absurd. In the very nature of things, the improvement, the assimilation of the food taken, the flow of bile is increased, and the building up of the tissues is hastened. The various organs and tissues of the body all show improvement. The eyes become brighter, the complexion more healthy, the thin and nervous gain flesh and fleshy flesh becomes firm. The improvement made is real and genuine, because Bishop's Tonules go to the root of the trouble.



Under the influence of Bishop's Tonules the appetite improves, the assimilation of the food taken is promoted, the liver is stimulated, the flow of bile is increased, and the building up of the tissues is hastened. The various organs and tissues of the body all show improvement. The eyes become brighter, the complexion more healthy, the thin and nervous gain flesh and fleshy flesh becomes firm. The improvement made is real and genuine, because Bishop's Tonules go to the root of the trouble.

## A STRIKING LETTER

A. W. New Cross, S.E., writes: "I had been suffering severely for a long time from nervous and general debility, with anæmia, neuralgia, and very poor appetite. None of the remedies recommended to me caused any improvement in my condition, and, in fact, I seemed to grow worse. My lips and face became a livid colour, and when I arose in the morning I felt as though I hadn't the strength to do anything. When I heard of Bishop's Tonules I decided to try them, and began the treatment as directed in your leaflet, and can truthfully say that Bishop's Tonules do all you claim for them. After I had taken several doses my neuralgia gradually disappeared, my appetite improved, and by degrees the complexion came back to brighter and fresher, having lost that heavy, sleepy feeling. I continued the treatment, my condition improved, and now I am enjoying first-rate health and strength, every sign of my old complaint being gone."

## SEND FOR A VIAL

which will be forwarded for 1s. 1d. post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Drug Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d., and with every vial is enclosed a booklet on nervous disorders. Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

## MOOR'S ENGLISH BRIDE



Miss Clara Casey married a Moorish acrobat in Liverpool according to Mahomedan law, and he has since taken her to Tangier, where, it is said, he has already one wife living.

## PRISONER'S SUICIDE.



James Lygo Rowe, the Gravesend man who is alleged to have shot his brother-in-law, was captured early yesterday morning. On the journey to Gravesend he took poison with fatal effect.

## PRINCE EDDY'S NEW FLAGSHIP.



The new miniature ten-gun brig King Edward VII., which is to rule the waves of Virginia Water under the command of little Prince Edward of Wales, was towed up the Thames from Sheerness yesterday. It is a complete model of a training brig, mast, yards, and rigging being all reproduced to scale. No. 1 shows the brig (masts, etc., being removed for the journey under the bridges), and No. 2 its figure-head. No. 3 gives portraits of the crew as at present composed.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

plucked up courage, and chose a seat near the door, knowing that directly the race started she would be able to escape unobserved. Meanwhile Merrick had weighed-in, and made his way to the little group surrounding King Daffodil.

These were Sir Tatton Townley, Marvis, Lyndal, Billy, and a couple of lads. No one of the group spoke—perhaps an order was given, a question asked in a whisper, that was all. Lyndal stood at the King's head, stroking him and petting him just as if nothing unusual was happening or going to happen.

That was why the colt stood so quietly and behaved so well, the girl's magnetic influence calmed and soothed him. Now and then his nostrils dilated widely and his eyes flashed as if he sensed the coming battle.

A little distance off Vogel, Bosche, and The Devil stood, a very different group. The Devil was restive, Vogel was excited, Bosche was irritable. Every now and then the colt lashed out wildly, and Bosche swore; the animal showed the whites of his eyes—a mad, wicked eye. He looked mad and wild did The Devil—almost as if drugged—doped—at least so certain people whispered.

Vogel repeated his instructions to the jockey for the last time: "Watch King Daffodil, and keep out of his way."

Sir Tatton Townley had no instructions for Merrick. Before he was given a leg-up he shook hands with him.

"Don't be nervous, old man; I've every confidence in you both; but accidents, you've only got to sit still and keep your eyes open—and tell the King when to go. Good luck."

Marvis patted him on the back.

"Don't get flustered; don't take any risks—and it's all over bar shouting."

Lyndal touched his hand as he gathered up the reins.

"God bless you both."

Billy said nothing until a move forward was made. Then he looked Merrick squarely in the face with his one eye.

"You can't lose," he whispered. "The colt can't lose. Remember!"

And then Merrick found himself on King Daffodil's back, parading in front of the stands, the cynosure of all eyes.

Himself he saw nothing; the moving mass of people looked like pygmies; the babble of voices, the ceaseless roar of bookmakers' voices bounded far, far away. Once he looked up at the stands, at the place where he knew Vogel's box was situated; his eyes were drawn there by an impulse he could not control. He saw nothing, nothing save the glint of glasses in the sun and a flash of brilliant colour.

The horses were entering across to the starting gate, the roar of voices increased every moment; it shook the very air, it rolled across the Downs like thunder. It set the heart of every jockey beating fast and furious; even the oldest hand at the game felt a strange thrill—a thrill went through every horse, too.

A thrill of fear, a thrill of excitement, a thrill of joy!

It was the day of their lives, did they but know it. They had reached the starting gate; the order was given to line up.

The moment Merrick feared most.

These words returned to him: "All over bar accidents."

This was the moment when an accident might happen that would ruin a horse's chances—a kick from another colt—a bad start—shut in—a sudden twist round as the tapes rose—

In imagination he saw a thousand dangers surrounding him, a thousand chances to one against him. His lips were dry and cracked; his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth—he couldn't speak to King Daffodil, couldn't use his voice to calm and encourage him. His limbs suddenly felt like lead and his hands like ice.

Above the roaring of voices he heard the voice of the starter addressing him sharply; he heard the jockey on his right swearing lustily at him.

He had drawn the inside berth—No. 1, on the rails.

"A damned amateur's luck," growled the professionals. But Merrick would have preferred the outside position, where he would be free from jostling, free from jealous interference, and less likely to meet with unwelcome attention from vicious horses—and jockeys.

At last the line was made—a white film spread across Merrick's eyes. His lips moved—it was a prayer! A prayer at the starting-post for the Derby! How people would yell with derision at the idea of a jockey praying. Where was Dolores now? Pung! Pung! He heard the motor-car shrieking its way to the station, he heard the pulsing of its engines. No; it was the beating of his heart—what a confounded noise it made. Why the deuce didn't the starter pull the lever and send them on their journey?

One eye was on the "gate," the other on the man with his hand on the lever.

"Steady, boy! Steady!"

—Ah, he had found his voice. Now! No. Something cannoned into him—The Devil, of course! The line was broken, the horses were scattered again.

Would they never line up, would the tapes never fly up? Hours had passed, hours! The tension was unbearable.

Now—that was better—all in the places now, all save The Devil; that brute was behaving like a maniac; he was even upsetting The King.

The Devil! Vogel! Merrick's teeth snapped together. Vogel! He was racing against one horse only—The Devil! The rest were nothing, nowhere.

The Devil to beat, the Devil to cheat! Honour and glory to win—

"Steady!"

The tapes quivered in the breeze, the hand quivered on the lever. The roar of voices suddenly ceased—silence fell like a thunderbolt, and out of the silence came the faint throbbing notes of a lark fluttering up the sky.

(Continued on page 13.)

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I was very particular that the usual careless style of serving the midday meal was always avoided in my house, and that all the table arrangements were as they should be, so that, if taken by surprise, we were in readiness, for I speedily discovered that many maids who perform all their duties excellently for late dinner think anything good enough for the midday meal.

Some of our particularly successful lunch dishes I append herewith. The one that deals with asparagus is a delicious one for this time of the year, when that favourite vegetable is plentiful and inexpensive.

## ASPARAGUS ROLLS.

INGREDIENTS:—Three French rolls, one ounce of butter, a bundle of asparagus (about twenty-five heads), half an ounce of flour, one gill of milk, one gill of cream, salt and pepper.

Cut the rolls in halves and scoop out the crumbs. Put the crumbs on a baking-tin in a moderate oven to dry, and crisp them. Cut the heads off the asparagus and boil them till tender in boiling salted water. Cut the remaining stalks, after scraping them, into short pieces and boil them till tender.

Melt the butter in a small saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the milk and stir it over the fire till it boils. Now add the cream, and make the sauce quite hot, but it must not boil or it will curdle. Season it nicely, add the asparagus stalks, but not the heads. Fill each roll with the mixture, then decorate the tops with the heads placed in an upright position. Arrange the rolls on a lace paper and serve them at once.

## FISH CUTLETS.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of any cooked fish, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one gill of water, two hard-boiled eggs, one raw egg, two teaspoons of chopped parsley, one teaspoon of anchovy essence, seasoning, breadcrumbs, frying-fat.

Melt the butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour. Add the water, and stir the mixture over the fire till it boils, thickens, and leaves the sides of the pan without sticking to it.

Remove the skin and bones from the fish, and chop it finely, also the hard-boiled eggs and parsley. Stir these into the "panada" already made, add the anchovy essence, and season the whole carefully. Turn the mixture on to a plate,

smooth it over evenly, and let it cool. Mark it into even divisions. Shape these like small lobster cutlets, and roll them in crumbs. Brush each over with beaten egg, then again crumb them, and fry them a pretty brown in plenty of frying-fat that

is so hot that a faint smoke is rising from it. Drain the cutlets on paper, put a small piece of parsley-stalk in the narrow end of each, and arrange them on a hot dish garnished with fried parsley.



This is a brown holland frock with a waistcoat and bolero bordering of white pique, spotted with cherry red.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Click— The roar redoubled, a roar heard once in a lifetime, never forgotten.

"They're off!"

Again the thunderbolt of silence—and the lark carried up his song, afraid, unconscious of the multitude of human beings gone suddenly mad.

"A good start—all together. What's that leading? The favourite—Which? Townley's horse, you fool, King Daffodil!"

"By Jove, his jockey can't hold him—going like a machine, though, like a bally machine—keep that up and it's a thousand pounds to a pea-nut on him—Wait till they turn the corner though!"

Marvis and Billy stood side by side. Marvis's glasses glinted on the horses; both their faces like white masks.

"There isn't a horse in the race within a stone's throw," whispered Marvis, unable to keep silent, for the first time in his life unable to bear the tension. "Look at him!"

"What's that hugging the rails?" shrieked a pale, bearded man, "two lengths ahead—right on the rails? Good God! He's won the race—What is it?"

"King Daffodil, yer blooming, blighted idiot," yelled a one-eyed man.

"King Daffodil!" shrieked a wild, insane chorus, a mighty peal of thunder.

"King Daffodil!"

Mr. B. S. Vogel jumped on to his chair and tried to keep his glasses fixed to his eyes, but his hands trembled as with ague, the perspiration streamed from his face, and a string of awful oaths roared forth frightened, evil things on his protruding lips.

Then suddenly the thunderbolt of silence fell again.

The swift, sweet wind carried away the misty film that had obscured Merrick's sight; it carried away every foolish fear, every nervous dread of accident; it carried away every thought and feeling but one thought, one feeling.

"The winning post—King Daffodil shall pass it first."

He could not see the winning post, but he saw a

great whitewashed wall, with big, black lettering on it—the station, Tottenham Corner.

He concentrated his mind on that—Tottenham Corner. He lay almost flat on the colt's neck, his hands down, his muscles strained to their utmost to keep King Daffodil steady, to keep him with his horses.

The colt was leading, he was pulling for all he was worth; would he expend his strength and shoot his bolt too soon? No, surely not; Merrick could feel him galloping like an automaton, he was not exerting himself, not at all!

But that mad, wonderful thud of two dozen pairs of hoofs on the turf was music that thrilled the King through and through.

He was racing. He knew it.

Racing against strangers, not playing with his stable companions now. And not one of those horses pounding along behind him should get his head in front.

"Not if I know it," he said. "You can pull my head off, Merrick, my boy, before I allow anything to pass me to-day. You allowed me to get in front, in front I stop."

"Steady, old man, steady, my King," Merrick whispered. "Steady, now, steady round the corner, then—then you can go if you like."

"Confound the corner. Just let me show 'em how to gallop!"

"Thud, thud! Thud, thud!" Oh, the music of it.

Merrick's limbs were not frozen or cold now, the blood danced in his veins, danced to the singing of the wind and the rising roar of voices.

"Thud, thud! Thud, thud!" "We're going to win, boy!"

That great whitewashed wall shot up between the colt's ears as Tottenham Corner drew nearer.

"Steady! Steady!" Merrick cried. Exerting all his strength he did manage to steady King Daffodil as the sharp and dangerous corner was reached.

The King pricked his ears. Once round the corner he knew the way home was straight and clear—there, where black walls of raving human beings towered against the sky. There, where a thousand throats acclaimed him victor, shouted his name.

"Daffodil! King Daffodil!"

There, where Marvis and Billy and Lyndal

waited for him with words of praise—and a lump of sweet sugar.

"There—and Merrick was trying to ease him!"

"Steady—steady—"

But the colt would not heed the warning voice. How could he with the thunder of opposing heels so close behind him? It was no victory of a neck or a length this time. King Daffodil's blood was up; he was going to show them how a thoroughbred gentleman could win the Derby!

"Steady—"

Certainly it was a sharp corner, and he was hanging on to the rails a bit.

For an instant he allowed Merrick to have his own way—then, suddenly as they reached the bend itself he felt his jockey move in his saddle, he heard the "thud, thud" right on his quarters, he saw something coming round on the outside like a steam engine, something that was being ridden at a pace that could not last, a black horse—The Devil! Merrick saw him, too. The Devil's jockey was trying to steal the lead—the position on the rails. He was bearing down on The King!

Merrick did not hesitate. He let King Daffodil go. He kept him glued to the rails. The wind shrieked, the voices raved. The Devil began to recede from view again. He began to drop behind!

The race was already as good as won. They were almost round the Corner. Almost, almost, and then— How large the rails suddenly loomed! They were rising up out of the ground. They were on a level with Merrick's head.

A wild shriek—a crash!

Enter of mercy! They were over the rails!

A final awful thunder of voices. Fear shrieked once, and was still.

Then the thunderbolt of Silence fell again. A silence like unto death.

But the horses raced on, only eleven horses now, and as they neared the winning-post human nature found tongue again, and a mighty roar arose.

"The Devil wins! The Devil for a thousand!"

But what's this flashing upon the right, coming away straight and strong? A chorus of British voices shriek with joy!

"Cicero wins! Cicero! CICERO! CICERO!"

(To be continued.)

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## CRICKET SNAPSHOTS.

Brilliant Recovery by England—  
Barracking Tactics and  
Bumping Bowling.(A special article by Mr. F. B. Wilson on the  
Test match appears on page 5.)

The Englishmen made ample amends yesterday for their poor display on the opening day of the first Test match, and the long pull came off, and at the close yesterday England stood in a fine position.

There was a slight stir just before the start, but it was nothing serious, and the wicket was as good as ever.

Only Cotter did any good in the morning, and he curiously enough fell to the English fast bowler, Jessop. The "Crusader," in fact, pitched them short and lopped them a good deal. He caught and bowled Cotter, and directly after the 20 he had been hoisted. The remaining batsmen gave little trouble.

Laver was brilliantly caught by Jones left-handed low down at second slip. He hurried himself at the ball and just managed to hold.

Arnold dislocated his thumb in fielding, and Lees, one of the English reserves, came out as substitute. Like Trumper, he is hardly likely to take any further part in the match.

The batting of MacLaren and Hayward marked the turn of the match. Hayward only made 47, but he helped keep the flow of the bowling, and he has made many centuries of far less value.

MacLaren played the innings of his life. Hitting everything that called for vigour he never gave anything away.

There was a disgraceful "barracking" scene, and the game was stopped for a time. Armstrong was the victim.

"Rip," one of the finest jingles of cricket in the land, in speaking of Cotter's bowling in the "Evening News," says that "the feature of the first day's cricket was Laver's fine bowling and Cotter's supreme 'bumping,' for it can hardly be called bowling."

"This is a new and undesirable feature of cricket—if you can call it cricket—this bumping to frighten batsmen, and it ought to be no-balled out of existence. Some of his bumpers went seriously near the heads of the batsmen, and if any one of them had been hit it is certain he would have taken no further part in this match, if, indeed, he would ever have played cricket again."

"The crowd was stirred and called, 'Take him off!' but I didn't notice that they called for Jessop to be taken off when he did the same thing. Hill and Noble just held their hats up, and let him 'bump' till he was tired."

"Cricket will become a terrible game when the team with the best bumpers win most matches. We have to thank the Australians for many innovations for the good of the good old game, but this is not one of them. In the words of Barrie, 'it is cricket.'"

Yorkshire had all the best of the play against Worcester, and, although dismissed for a moderate total in their second innings, can hardly be said to have lost the match. Cuffe was the top scorer for Worcester, and

For Surrey Baker made a capital, if somewhat slow, century against the Canaries before the rain stopped the play. Oxford had to follow on against Kent, and look like losing easily.

## MACLAREN'S CENTURY.

ENGLAND.		Second Innings.	
A. O. Jones, b Laver	4	b Duff	30
Hayward, b Cotter	47	c Darling, b Armstrong	47
C. J. B. Wilson, b Laver	56	c Duff, b Laver	62
A. C. MacLaren, c Kelly	100	c Darling, b Laver	140
Hoa. F. S. Jackson, b Cotter	8	not out	19
C. J. T. Bosanquet, b Cotter	8	not out	19
B. J. L. Jessop, b Laver	27	b Cotter	2
Lilly, c and b Laver	27	not out	2
Blakes, c Noble, b Laver	3	not out	2
Arnold, not out	2	Extras	13
Total	199	Total (5 wkts.)	318

AUSTRALIA.		First Innings.	
R. A. Duff, c Hayward, b Gunn	1	W. W. Armstrong, st	27
V. T. Trumper, retired	1	Lilly, b Rhodes	27
C. Hill, b Jackson	54	E. E. Gregory, c Jones, b	2
M. A. Noble, c Lally, b Jackson	50	C. E. MacLaren, b Arnold	4
J. Darling, c Bosanquet	50	F. Laver, c Jones, b Jack	3
b Jackson	50	J. J. Kelly, not out	19
A. Cotter, c and b Jessop	45	Extras	13
Total	221	Total	221

ENGLAND—First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Cotter	23	Armstrong	6
Laver	15	Noble	3
MacLaren	134	Extras	19
Total	175	Total	246

AUSTRALIANS—First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Arnold	11	Bosanquet	7
Gunn	6	Hayward	7
Jessop	7	Lilly	2
Total	24	Total	16

## THUNDERSTORM AT LORD'S.

LEICESTERSHIRE.		First Innings.	
C. E. de Trafford, b R. Tarrant	18	R. Tarrant	20
Tarrant	18	J. W. Wood, b Dennett	5
C. J. B. Wood, b Dennett	5	W. H. Wood, b Dennett	5
W. H. Wood, b Dennett	5	Knights, b Hartley	24
Knights, b Hartley	24	Cox, b Hartley	19
Cox, b Hartley	19	C. S. Crawford, b Tarrant	43
C. S. Crawford, b Tarrant	43	W. W. O'Dell, b Tarrant	27
Total	246	Total	246

M.C.C. AND GROUND.		First Innings.	
C. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	J. C. Hartley, run out	10
B. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	A. Butcher, not out	24
B. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	F. H. Laidlaw, b O'Neil	2
B. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	Wood, b O'Neil	31
B. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	Dennett, bow, b Cox	5
B. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	Extras	10
Total	244	Total	244

M.C.C. AND GROUND.		First Innings.	
C. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	J. C. Hartley, run out	10
B. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	A. Butcher, not out	24
B. J. V. Weigall, c R. J. C. Hartley, run out	10	F. H. Laidlaw, b O'Neil	2
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